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All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Messrs. Macmillan are publishing this month "The Adventures of Seumas Beg: The Rocky Road to Dublin," a book of verses for children, by James Stephens. The same firm announce "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary," a further study of life and religion in Russia by Stephen Graham.

Three of the two score or so of interesting new books in Mr. John Lane's autumn list are "A Book of Bridges," containing thirty-five colour plates, and thirty-six line drawings by Frank Brangwyn, with text by W. Shaw Sparrow; "Is there a Shakespeare Problem?" an answer to Mr. J. M. Robertson and Andrew Lang, by George G. Greenwood; and a second volume on "French Novelists of To-day," by Winifred Stephens.

A curiously interesting book which Messrs. Partridge are publishing immediately is "The Grafton Shakespeare: And the Sack of Grafton Regis," by Thomas Kay. It contains evidence of what is claimed to be an authentic oil portrait of Shakespeare painted in 1588, and recently discovered in an ale house. Incidentally, it describes the sack and burning of the manor of Grafton Regis, in 1642, when Anthony Smith, a yeoman of that town, was the possessor of the portrait in question.

"Through Terror to Triumph," a collection of the great war speeches which Mr. Lloyd George has delivered since September last, has been published at 1s. net by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

One of the most poignant and vivid books about the war is "The Drama of 365 Days," in which Mr. Hall Caine sketches a series of scenes in the great war, throwing sidelights on its causes and picturing the effect it has had on the lives and characters of our own people. It is published by Mr. Heinemann.

"Rosalba's Journal," by Austin Dobson, a further addition to his delightful "Eighteenth Century Vignettes," will be published shortly by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

Messrs. Cassell have published "A Tall Ship," by Bartimeus, a second series of his "Naval Occasions," which was one of the most popular books of last spring.

A first novel, by Miss Peggy Grant, "The Gate of Dreams," a story of the New Forest, is to be

published immediately by Mr. Andrew Melrose. Miss Grant is the third of our Bookman Prize Competitors to publish a first book this year.

"A Life of Field-Marshal Sir George White, V.C.," by Sir Mortimer Durand, will be published this month by Messrs. Blackwood.

Mr. David W. Bone, author of that brilliant novel "The Brassbounder," has collected a book of his "Sea Pieces" under the title of "Broken Stowage." Messrs. Duckworth are publishing it this month.

A new book published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co., "How to Save a Big Ship from Sinking," by Charles V. A. Eley, gains a peculiar timeliness from the addition to its title of "Even Though Torpedoed." Mr. Eley writes with expert knowledge, and his ingenious suggestions are worth serious consideration.

"Crises in the History of Papacy," by Joseph McCabe, and "The Romance of Ruined Belgium," by Elizabeth W. Champney, will be published this month by Messrs. Putnam.

Louise Mack (Mrs. Creed).

From "A Woman's Experiences in the Great War," by Louise Mack (Fisher Unwin).

BOOKS AND THE WAR.

By Onlooker.

You still hear such conflicting views, now and then, of the effect the war has had on the book-trade, and of whether the prospects are favourable or otherwise for the Christmas season, that it seemed worth while to call at 186, Strand, and get the opinion of Mr. George Tyler, of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son. For Mr. Tyler is not only wise enough to be an optimist; he is a sound business man, not likely to lose his head in a crisis, and moreover is in a position to speak with knowledge. Beginning life as a bookstall clerk, he has been connected with the W. H. Smith firm for some forty-six years, and has for long past been the Chief of their two hundred and thirty bookshops. Though you gather that the motto of the firm has been business as usual, they have keenly and loyally taken up their share in the burden of the war. From their shops, bookstalls, offices, works, one thousand and eighty have gone to join the Colours; and of the six partners, four are serving in His Majesty's forces—Viscount Hambledon as Lieut.-Col. in the Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry; Mr. A. D. Acland as Lieut.-Col. in the Remount Department, at Dieppe; Mr. C. S. Awdry as Major in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, and Mr. W. H. D. Acland, on active service in Flanders, as a Lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps.

"The book-trade was hardly ever more flourishing than it is to-day," Mr. Tyler said at once, "and there is every promise that the Christmas season is going to be an uncommonly good one. When the war started I confess that, like many other people, I had an idea that we were in for a bad time. More than one of our bookshop managers have said to me, 'I was awfully depressed in the early part of August 1914, for I could see nothing but disaster ahead; but by the end of last March

Miss Evelyn Close,

whose successful novel, "The Roll of Honour" (Melrose), was reviewed in a recent number of The Bookman.

I recognised that my troubles had been purely imaginary—they had never happened.' Personally, I had arrived at the same conclusion long before March. I have a belief that disaster always comes if you sit and wait for it; and that if you would succeed, you must be up and doing. The war was not many days old when I called together a number of my colleagues and the men working immediately under us. We discussed the position fully, and agreed that if we adapted ourselves to the altered condition of things and went the right way to work there was no reason why we should not only weather the storm, but be as successful with our book business as we had been in years of peace. And the results have more than justified that optimism. The weekly accounts of our book trade have shown not merely an advance, but a very considerable advance on the figures for the corresponding weeks even in the year before the war.

"I am not claiming credit to myself for this gratifying success. Needless to say it could never have been achieved had not all of us resolutely put our backs into the task; nor if we had not been enthusiastically and most ably supported by the men who conduct our bookstalls and our bookshops. The help rendered by Mr. D. Roy, of our Publicity Department, and Mr. E. B. Bull, of our Shops Department, has been invaluable. We have a system of sending round to our bookshop managers, at intervals, a circular letter, advising them of the best of the new books (from the standpoint of the general reader, as well as from that of the real lover of literature), and urging them to read these books, in order that they may be in a position to recommend them to enquiring customers. They, in return, report regularly from all over the country on the condition of trade with them, and on any indications customers may have given of the books that are appealing to them, and the general tendencies in the matter of book-buying.

"The natural tendency nowadays is to buy fewer expensive books; but this is more than atoned for by the greatly increased quantity of cheaper books that are selling. Sevenpenny and shilling volumes are being purchased in immense numbers, partly with a view to economy, and partly because in size they are admirably suited for sending out to our soldiers and sailors. The books in demand are of almost every kind, but in particular we are selling books with a topical interest, books about the war or that have any direct or indirect bearing on it; fiction at six shillings, and especially at one and two shillings; and new poetry has enjoyed a larger vogue than in ordinary times. You will find

Mr. Scotland Liddell,

author of "The Track of the War" (Simpkin, Marshall). Mr. Liddell has now been for several months with the Russian Army as a member of the Polish Red Cross; he is writing a book dealing with his experiences on the Russian battle front, and arrangements have been made for publishing it shortly.

Lieut. A. J. Anderson,
whose new book, "The Admirable Painter," has just been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul.

Mr. Anderson enlisted as a private in the Sportsman's Battalion of the 23rd Fusiliers as soon as the age limit was raised to include men of 45. He has now obtained a commission as Lieutenant in the 4th Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, in the hope of going sooner to the front.

that books are going to play a popular part as Christmas presents. People have taken to heart the advice to economise; instead of jewellery, and other costlier gifts, they will give books, and in these days of universal reading what present is likely to be more commonly appreciated? I see by their lists most of the publishers are rightly keeping the prices of their gift-books down this year to six shillings and under; there is to be a big and wonderfully varied supply at these prices, and there will be an enormous public for it. What the trade has lost by the falling off in the sales of expensive books has been more than made up by the vast increase in the sales of the cheaper ones. In this connection I had a significant and rather amusing report from the manager of one of our bookshops. One of his best book customers had announced that, acting on the advice to economise, he had decided to limit himself to books at about two shillings and under until after the war. Our manager was slightly perturbed. But the customer continued to come to the shop as often as usual, and select and carry away new books, which were put down in his monthly account. At the end of three months the shopman was delighted to find that the gentleman had spent more on cheap books than he formerly spent in the same period on the more expensive ones."

Before I left I got Mr. Tyler to make me out a list of the books that had sold best in the W. H. Smith shops during the past year; and the list he was good enough to compile comprised some hundred and fifty volumes, of which over a hundred were war books. Amongst them were:

WAR BOOKS.

"Scotland for Ever."
"Ordeal by Battle."
"The Soul of the War."
"The Way of the Red Cross."
"The Anglo-German Problem."
"The Great Illusion."
"Germany and the Next War."
"How Armies Fight."
"The German Spy System in France."
"J'Accuse."
"What I saw in Russia."
"Men Around the Kaiser."
"Germany's Swelled Head."
"Britain's Deadly Peril."
"My Adventures as a Spy."
"Eye Witness's Narrative of the War."
"The New Bernhardi."
"Belloc's European War."
"The Soul of Germany."
"Buchan's History of the War."
"Can Germany Win?"
"King Albert's Book."
"Princess Mary's Gift Book."
"Remember Louvain."
"The War That Will End War."
"Germany and England."
"How Belgium Saved Europe."
Daily Telegraph War Books.
"Secrets of the German War Office."
"Fighting in Flanders."
"Memories of the Kaiser's Court."
"Thoughts on the War."
"More Thoughts on the War."
"The Hero of Liége."
"Behind the Scenes at the Front."
"Life of Sir John French."
"A Surgeon in Belgium."
"With French at the Front."
"German Atrocities."
"The War and After."
"Imperial Germany."
"British Battle Fleet."
"In the Cockpit of Europe."
"The Bowmen."
"On the Side of the Angels."
"The Drama of 365 Days."

POETRY.

"Song of the English."
Kipling's "Poems."
Chesterton's "Poems."
Rupert Brooke's "Poems."
"Poems of the Great War."
"War Time Verses."
"Poems and Sonnets of England in War Time."
"The Wine Press."
"Philip the King."
"The Garden of Kama."

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS.

"Oddsfish."
"Arundel."
"The Man of Iron."
"Private Spud Tamson."
"Poppyland."
"The Laughing Cavalier."
"Betty's Diary."
"A Gentleman at Arms."
"A Knight on Wheels."
"Kitchener's Chaps."
"Windyridge."
Gene Stratton Porter's novels.
"All for a Scrap of Paper."
"Jaffrey."
"Edwards."
Ethel Dell's novels. (2s. edition.)
"Chronicles of the Imp."
"Bealby."
"Human Bullets."
"The Conquering Jew."
"Bees in Amber."
"The Admirable Crichton."
Galsworthy's "Memories."
"The Green Curve."
"The Riddle of the Sands."
"The War in the Air."
"Naval Occasions."
"In Gentlest Germany."
"Life in a Garrison Town."
"Lighter Side of School Life."
"Arcadian Adventures of the Idle Rich."
"Political and Literary Essays" of Lord Cromer.

Numerous others have sold well, but the above have been Smith & Son's best sellers, and Mr. Tyler named a score of forthcoming books that will, he has no doubt, equal the record of the best of these. "In spite of the war," he said, "the book trade has really had nothing to complain of in the past, and I am entirely optimistic about its Christmas and its future generally."

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MRS. MEYNELL.

WHEN Southey told Charlotte Brontë that "literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be," he little dreamt of the multitude of women who would rise up to disprove his rash theory. Still less, apparently, did he imagine that literature of exquisite quality could be produced by one who did *not* make its production her life's business; by a woman who was wife and mother, poet and essayist in one. Everyone knows, however, that Mrs. Meynell is all this and much more; interested, with the scholar's discriminating interest, in all manner of books and bookmen, while sharing the reformer's zeal for justice and freedom, especially in regard to the political emancipation of her own sex. She has marched in suffragist processions and supported demonstrations on behalf of various humanitarian causes; being at the same time the most devoted of those much-praised "home-women" whose light is nowhere seen more clearly than on their own hearth. But it is her literary activities which chiefly concern us here; her prose and poetry—twin fabrics of the same magic loom, with the same golden thread of genius running through and uniting both.

It was as a poet, in the "Preludes" of her twentieth year, that Alice Thompson (as she was then) began her literary career. Her father, Mr. J. T. Thompson, had devoted himself to the education of his two gifted daughters; Elizabeth's pencil being as active and skilful as Alice's pen. Now the one is the acknowledged queen of the women-poets of her day, while the other—Lady Butler—has won as wide a fame for the wonderful battle-pictures which have lately, alas! acquired an interest so tragically "topical." To-day it seems incredible that few critics recognised the rare and individual music of the "Preludes"; few, at least, of the professional critics who are supposed to be ever listening, with ears a-strain, for the first note of a new voice. Worthier appreciation, however, the young singer did not lack: Ruskin's, Coventry Patmore's, and in course of time George Meredith's, even before the rich tribute of Francis Thompson came to crown the rest. Never, surely, did one poet lay at another's shrine a more appropriate offering!

"Later Poems," published after an interval of over twenty years, found an audience awakened by the various volumes of essays—all sharing the same delicate distinction of style and thought—which had seen the light during that period. But only with the appearance of the "Collected Poems," issued two years ago, did Mrs. Meynell, as poet, enter into her full heritage of fame. Readers and reviewers are now ready to agree with Ruskin, Patmore, and the other rare minds who hailed the new planet at its rising. Its light is now visible to the crowd; many of whom agreed with the critics who pleaded that the seal and crown of the Laureateship should be placed on the poet's work. Mrs. Meynell herself, however, would be the last to claim other laurels than those which Apollo and Urania have already conferred upon her. It may justly be doubted, moreover, whether the Muse whose place is with the stars could ever give a voice to the valley and plain. Such a Muse breathes an air of the hills and the heights above them, and speaks a language too subtle, at its simplest, to echo the commonplace speech of every day. And some measure of "topical" poetry, some utterance on public events, is undoubtedly expected from even the most scholarly of Laureates.

Alice Meynell.
From a drawing by John S. Sargent, R.A.

It cannot be too often insisted that the poet and the prose-writer in Mrs. Meynell are, in all essentials, identical. Is not "Ceres' Runaway," with its companion essays, of the very stuff of which the poems are wrought? The "Rushes and Reeds" essay, for example, or that on "Wells," betrays in every paragraph its origin in a poet's mind; and the same may be said of "Shadows" in "The Colour of Life" volume, "Solitudes" in "The Rhythm of Life," and many another. And is it not a poet's passion for freedom—as well as a woman's for the freedom of women—which burns through its veil of light irony in this characteristic passage?

"See the curious history of the political rights of woman under the Revolution. On the scaffold she enjoyed an

ungrudged share in the fortunes of party. Political life might be denied her, but that seems a trifle when you consider how generously she was permitted political death. She was to spin and cook for her citizen in the obscurity of her living hours ; but to the hour of her death was granted no part in the largest interests, social, national, international. The blood wherewith she should, according to Robespierre, have blushed to be seen or heard in the tribune, was exposed in the public sight unsheltered by her veins. . . . Women might be, and were, duly silenced when, by the mouth of Olympe de Gouges, they claimed a " right to concur in the choice of representatives for the formation of the laws " ; but in her person, too, they were liberally allowed to bear political responsibility to the Republic. Olympe de Gouges was guillotined. Robespierre thus made her public and complete amends."

It is a fact curiously significant of the rarity, in both senses, of Mrs. Meynell's poetic utterance that her " Collected Poems " should number only seventy-six. With a few lyrics not included in the volume (we always regret, by the way, that one of these omitted lyrics should be " The Poet to His Childhood," a poem charming alike in metre and matter) this book represents its author's whole poetic output : a harvest slender in bulk, but in beauty how well worth the reaping ! Pure gold only, rare and chance and choice, is garnered here ; the gold-dust drifted to earth in that unsummoned wind which bloweth not only where but when it listeth. Mrs. Meynell has been content to wait for it, and to sift and winnow from every taint of dross its spare but priceless largesse. The result is that her jewels never lack their appropriate setting : the most tenuous mist of thought is held as in a prism of light, as a sunlit globe of dew holds the vapour which gave it birth. This is especially true of the religious poems : of " The Crucifixion," " The Courts " (one of the noblest religious lyrics of our generation), and that crystal quatrain called " Via, et Veritas, et Vita." It is here, and in kindred utterances, that Mrs. Meynell proves herself the true descendant of Crashaw and Herbert and Herrick—not the Herrick of the " Hesperides " but of the " Noble Numbers " ; of Vaughan in " The Retreat " and " Early Hours," above all of Coventry Patmore in " Remembered Grace " and its sister lyrics, for perhaps none of the other religious poets enshrines thoughts so deep and subtle in such clarity of form. Beauty does not here " put on invisibility " ; except, it may be, in such high abstractions as " The Two Poets " attempts to clothe in words.

But it is in such sonnets as " Renouncement " and " To a Daisy," such lyrics as " After a Parting " and " The Shepherdess," that her appeal is widest. Those who cannot breathe the rarefied atmosphere of some of the later poems can feel the charm of these ; though they, too, are of ether and fire—never of the common air and earth. " The Shepherdess " has always seemed to the present writer her masterpiece ; and it gains a special significance from the fact that it is the first adequate poetic utterance of that new love of woman for woman which came to flower in the early years of this century. Never has a woman-poet so set to music the essential charm of womanhood ; so caught and woven into words the glamour of its mystery, the wonder of its purity, and withal the vestal fire which burns at the core of that whiteness. I would quote the lines, for pure delight in their beauty, but for the restraining recollection that every lover of poetry carries them in his heart.

Visitors to Mrs. Meynell's home in Granville Place find that her muse, like Aurora Leigh's, is a bird of a high-built nest. " You see I live close under the sky," she says to the caller who (very gladly) climbs the eighty stairs leading up to her flat ; " with only the roof between her and the sun," or the stars. And yet there is no lack of affinity with human joys and ardours ; with the simplest of earth's pleasures—flowers, children, and all the lovely " little things " of life and Nature. Her scorn of conventional floral patterns on wall-papers and curtains and carpets is but the complement of her delight in the grace they travesty ; of the Nature-lover's instinctive aversion from the artifice which is not even art. At her country home in Sussex she is indeed at home, revelling in its surrounding beauties as only a poet can ; and the " winds austere and pure " of the Sussex downs seem to breathe through her verse and make their own music audible in it. The west wind chiefly, as one of the sonnets tells us ; or the south which sings of Italy, a country specially dear to Mrs. Meynell's heart, as to Mrs. Browning's and Christina Rossetti's before her. No wonder that Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, in his charming " Verses and Reverses," claims kinship, through her, with both these " elect ladies " of the Muse's court !

Yet the song in tune with theirs is like itself and no other : a thing distinct, unique, apart. It has in it a breath of high altitudes, of unfamiliar starry places ; where, as once in those ruined belfries of Belgium which few will lament as she :

" Sudden the cold airs swing.
Alone, aloud,
A verse of bells takes wing
And flies with the cloud."

S. GERTRUDE FORD.

THE READER.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

By J. M.

I.

It is commonly said that in England the true artist is never widely recognised until he is too old to enjoy success; and this is so often the case that we have come almost to believe that great Art can never be on speaking terms with Popularity. Our young poets can hardly be persuaded that there are good lines to be found in Tennyson and even in Longfellow: our younger painters have renounced John and Nicholson since their portraits began to have a market value; and our youngest reviewers, who must at all costs close their half-column with a snap, will never notice a book by H. G. Wells without giving it the unique distinction of a sneer. So the argument goes in an unanalysed circle: the Crowd is a vulgar pig for not recognising good Art, and good Art can never exist in a novel that appeals to more than a thousand readers. The fact is, of course, that many bad novels are immediately successful—and a few good ones. But whereas the success of the bad ones will be forgotten in six weeks or in six years, the reputation of the good ones will continue to shine as long as there is beauty in England. Compton Mackenzie's are among the good ones.

I say this with a full realisation of the fact that writing is the most important thing in the world, as we have all been told by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who will bring all good things in the world back to Flaubert, and accuses the Kaiser chiefly, I suspect, of not having read "L'Education Sentimentale." I rather think that Mr. Mackenzie would have a good deal to say to Mr. Hueffer about Balzac. But they would, at any rate, agree in this: that the only thing that matters in the long run, after the Germans have been turned out of Belgium and all that, is art; and that the greatest of the creative arts is prose. You may be sure that it is in the interests of the English novel that Mr. Mackenzie is at present helping to turn the Turks out of Gallipoli.

II.

Now art is never purely representational. The mere chronicle of impermanent detail is journalism. And all the young men who come down from Oxford and at once, with the help of a diary of actual conversations, write down all they can remember of what actually occurred, are not artists. Not the least penalty of success that Mr. Mackenzie has had to suffer is that all these productions are carelessly attributed to the influence of "Sinister Street." The artist as opposed to the journalist only records immediate reactions in so far as they may suggest essential emotions. He must discover the essential element in his experience, and from his contemplation re-create by the process sometimes called imagination the essential emotions, the illusion of life. It is difficult, of course, to contain in a single sentence the creation of beauty out of experience that is called art. But what seems to be necessary for the artist is a certain remoteness, the remoteness of "emotion recollected in tranquillity," and a certain tranquillity it is that seems to be the criterion of the finest art. The world of art is as objective, as much "alive" as the world of reality, but it is lapped by a magic air. *Largior hic campos aether et lumine uestit purpureo;* and in this serene atmosphere the figures act and move so that each moment seems immortal, and themselves instinct with motionless life like the figures described by Keats on a Grecian Urn, "for ever piping songs for ever new."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Compton Mackenzie.**

It may be relevant here to notice that Mackenzie has been heard to say that from Keats' poems he learned to write prose: meaning, I suppose, that Keats was a master in the divination of beautiful words, a master in suggesting emotion by rhythm, which is as much a function of prose as it is of verse, and a master in perceiving the poetic material of life. It will be remembered too that from Keats' preface to Endymion is taken the psychological text of "Sinister Street":

"The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted."

One may say too that had Keats been born a hundred years later he would not have written a narrative poem like Endymion: the

conventional form for the poetic material of modern life being the novel. This, I believe, is what Mackenzie himself emphasised in a paper on "Poetry and the Modern Novel," which I have not seen reprinted.

This tranquillity of their creations, this suggestion of distance, of remoteness from accidentals, is an object, often perhaps unconscious, of all true artists. It can hardly, for instance, be for any other reason that Conrad wraps his action in double and triple veils of narrative, removing the tale from one narrator to another. While the infinitely less successful, less sincere, and probably more self-conscious artist D'Annunzio

Compton Mackenzie at the age of 4.

with the same object drags his modern characters clumsily into the tranquillity of an ancient scene, elaborates unreal speeches, and so—I am thinking particularly of *La Citta Morta*—like Reinhardt, piles on "effects" and only loses effect; even his fondness for mutilations is probably intended by the contrasting shock to fix the impression of beauty into the classic tranquillity.

All this is not quite so irrelevant as it seems. My point is that all Mackenzie's novels have this tranquillity, this permanence that is an attribute of the highest art.

"Sinister Street" is not a mere "feat of memory," a journalistic accumulation of automatically remembered detail. And this is partly, perhaps, because not a word of it was written till nine years after the author had left Oxford. In those nine Horatian years the ordinary man would forget all but a broad impression which he would find it impossible to convey to others. But after nine years the selective imagination of the artist, subconsciously ruminating on experience, will reproduce a picture from which only inessential detail has been rejected, the artistic presentation which conserves for us the emotions of living.

Five of those nine years, after going down from Oxford and getting married, Mackenzie spent in mysterious

Photo by Hills & Saunders. **Compton Mackenzie at the age of 19.**

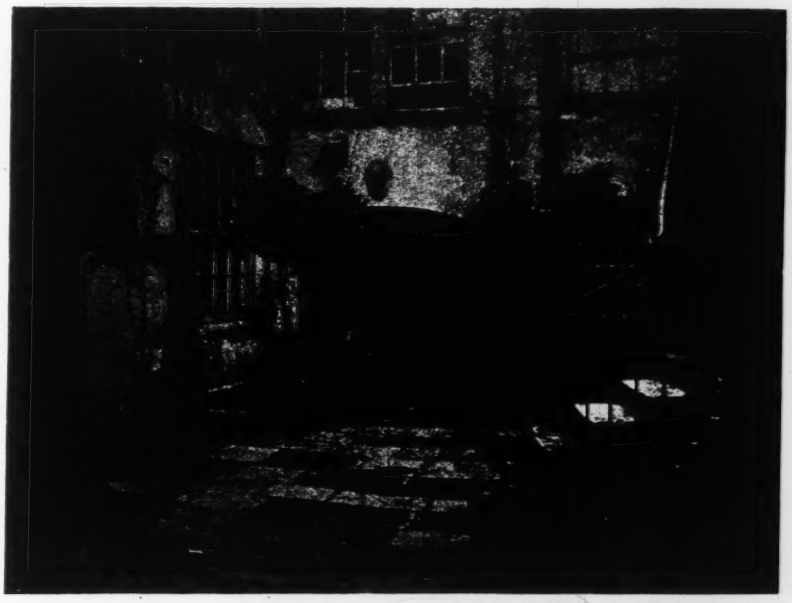
reclusion in Cornwall. Few of his friends ever saw him, and he was reported from time to time to be writing plays, or reading "Alice in Wonderland" to a Sunday School class, or selling with hideous pangs instalments of his library in order to pay for rare Peruvian shrubs; or, if you like to use the sort of big words I have been using, you may say he was contemplating experience. Then in January, 1911, was published his first novel, "The Passionate Elopement." The manuscript had originally started from Cornwall a year before, says the author, with the most solemn ceremonies of sealing-wax and registration; but after it had been successively returned by all the principal publishers in London, it

Photo by Hills & Saunders. **Compton Mackenzie** as Phidippides in "The Clouds," as presented by the O.U.D.S. in March, 1905.

used to be sent off as casually as a post-card. Finally Mr. Martin Secker, who was only just commencing publisher, jumped at it. So Mackenzie came from Cornwall at the end of 1910, absolutely unknown, to read the proofs of "The Passionate Elopement," and to accept the chance of theatrical work with Pelissier. Three years later his books were known all over England and America; and his reputation was sealed when Henry James, reviewing The Younger School of Novelists, became positively lucid in benediction of the author of "Carnival" and "Sinister Street."

III.

I have said something about the artist's sublimation of ordinary experience. I should like to add a note about the much misunderstood subject of autobiography in fiction. If an author writes a book about a man at a certain school and a certain university, and happens himself to have been at that school and that university, many people conclude that the book is nothing but an autobiography, a chronicle of the writer's own adventures and circumstances. The misunderstanding, of course, is exactly the same as that of the old ladies who think that a painter is not an "original" or an "imaginative" artist if he uses a model. I look forward to a time when drawing shall be as common an accomplishment as reading and writing; and then perhaps everyone will realise that all good drawing is done from life. All good writers, being engaged on the presentation of life, must use their own experience of it. But it does not follow that they present nothing but their own adventures. For one thing they can arrange, modify, reconstitute. For another they may infer from their own experience in known circumstances their probable experience in other circumstances; or from the reaction of a certain event on themselves its probable reaction on another and hypothetically different character, on, for example, their "hero." Mr. H. G. Wells, whether he writes about the first men in the moon, or about the last men on earth, or about the Imperial College of Science and Technology, is equally using his own experience. I will not develop the argument; but the brief conclusion of it is that some of the characters in "Sinister Street" may be "portraits," some of the incidents in that or in any other of Mackenzie's novels may have actually occurred. But the book is not in any sense whatsoever an autobiography; and I defy any reader to pick out by internal evidence those particular characters and incidents. Or if any reader still thinks that those chapters of Michael's childhood are a mere transcription, the author having admittedly spent some of his early years in Kensington, is he prepared to regard as a mere "feat of memory" the entirely different mentality of a little girl in Islington presented in those equally wonderful chapters of Jenny's childhood in "Carnival?"



6, North Street, Westminster,
where Compton Mackenzie lived when he began writing "Sinister Street," in July, 1912.

IV.

"The Passionate Elopement" was an immediate success, for I see it was reprinted four times within six months of publication, and even *The Spectator* confessed that "as an exercise in literary *bravura* the book was quite remarkable." Yet I doubt if it has ever had quite the appreciation it deserves. To begin with it is no easy task to set your romance in an eighteenth-century spa, and embroider every page of it with exquisite detail without letting a single anachronism slip into the pattern. An exercise of course it is, but one comparable to Flaubert's "Salammbo," written, that is, for the practice of concentration and flexibility. There is no better gymnastic for the imagination than the task of putting life into a piece of deliberate erudition; and in this particular task I am not afraid to say that "The Passionate Elopement" is more successful than "Salammbo." Phyllida, in wind-blown furbelows and glistering with the daintiest jewellery, dances a minuet that is felt to prelude the solemnity of ordinary life, while Salammbo throned on her elephant is jammed rather uncomfortably in a majestical howdah between bales of archæology.

One might say that "The Elopement" is a long time starting; but at any rate, the theme accords with all those extravagances and rather precious delights over which a young writer lingers, and these, however alluring, do not mask but only decorate the real qualities of the work. It is not a "costume" novel because the characters are not dummies; they are, indeed, so very much alive that we seem to know the whole thread of their lives and not only the particular skein that enters into the knot of the story. That of course is the supreme test, and the minor characters pass it even more successfully than the hero. Those wicked postillions, the

brothers Maggs, are really a lovely pair of blackguards. And old Mother Mawhood! Mrs. Mawhood opens the door of Blackhart Farm on page 172: "'Love o' maids!' said the fat voice, ''tis Fancy Vernon, or I'm not a fat old sinner''—and she waddles out to the courtyard, towards the scene of the "Welch Main," on page 175; yet we know all that it is possible decently to know about her life, not to mention her daughter Moll, and twenty volumes of the Newgate Calendar would not tell us more than these few pages about the whole horrible underworld of eighteenth-century London. This, of course, is largely due to Mackenzie's gift for writing dialogue, which, possibly strengthened by the habit of play-writing and acting, hardly ever deserts

Photo by Morgan Heiskell.

Compton Mackenzie's villa at Capri.

Casa Solitaria.

him. One has no space to quote, but any reader can find for himself many pages which seem to solve naturally the great problem of dialogue in fiction; the problem of finding a compromise between Meredithian dialogue, frankly idealised, with no more claim to verbal realism than if it were written in blank verse, and the Kodak realism of a stenographic report.

Lastly, I think "The Passionate Elopement" is remarkable for its perception of natural beauty. The author's imagination feeding on the delight of the eyes is richly stored with the changing colours of the sky, the peculiar loveliness of flowers, the variegated procession of the seasons; yet in "The Elopement" every picture is presented through the sophisticated vision of its characters. It would, indeed, be a fascinating study to trace the aspect of the changing months, which is obviously an endless enchantment to the author, as presented in this book (although here by very reason of the eighteenth-century mannerism the strict impersonality of the author is not maintained), then in "Carnival" through Jenny's London eyes, and finally in "Guy and Pauline," where the young lover becomes almost feverishly sensitive to the mutable bloom of the countryside, that mocks his own inability to seize the wild rose loveliness of his fairy's child.

I think "The Elopement" gives more evidence than the other books of having been slowly written, during many long candle-lit evenings of a Cornish winter. But I believe the author has been known to pray for that facility which some have wrongly inferred from the length of one of his books. Certainly every chapter, every paragraph of all his books has been composed and weighed with the deepest thought, not only with delicate verbal scholarship, as witnessed by the proper use of archaic or obsolescent words and by the happy revival of some sonorous Latin formations, but always with consideration of its reference to the work as a whole.

Art, as any artist will tell you, is primarily hard work—an enchanting slavery, as must be work of any sort that is well done. But few readers can have realised that not only every epithet but every incident in, for instance, "Sinister Street," has been deliberately chosen; that each of the hundred or more characters in that book has his necessary part to play, and each one (with the possible exception of the unnamed stranger on the last page, who always, I confess, seems to me rather an annoying intrusion on that Roman solemnity) has his influence on the unfolding of Michael's character.

I believe, indeed, that "Sinister Street" can claim to be a consistent whole, and that every one of its eleven hundred pages could be organically justified—the function if not necessarily the form of every incident could be defended; and this in spite of the fact that its composition was interrupted by Mackenzie's visit to America in the autumn of 1912, to produce his own dramatic version of "Carnival"; by the manufacture for American magazines of a sensational series of pot-boilers, "Metropolitan Nights," written always with curious distinction; by long weeks of illness and intolerable pain that have always haunted him and necessitated in 1913 a migration to Capri; and finally, when the end of the book was already in sight, by the irruption of War.

V.

I seem to have wandered into a consideration of "Sinister Street," which is, perhaps, as well. For although "Carnival" was, bibliographically, his second novel, it is possible that in any definite edition "Sinister Street," considered of course as a single work, would come second and "Carnival" third.

I should like to know how many readers will have observed one reason for this metathesis. I mean that Maurice Avery, whose desertion of Jenny in "Carnival," where he is seen of course only through Jenny's eyes, may seem an arbitrary brutality and therefore a flaw

in the tragedy, is much more objectively intelligible in "Sinister Street"; there he enters only as a minor companion of Michael at school and at Oxford, but the obvious weakness of his character, there seen of course through Michael's eyes, is really a postulate of his subsequent loss of Jenny. Another of Michael's friends, by the way, and a worthier than Maurice, becomes the protagonist of "Guy and Pauline."

The practice of introducing the same characters into different books has both its privileges and its obligations. It tempers the rigidity of the Law of the Author's Impersonality, enabling him to present other aspects of such characters; but at the same time it puts his imagination to the severest test, requiring him to conceive these characters, however incidental their first appearance, in the round. And that is really all that need be said about it here—except, perhaps, that it strikes another blow at the "autobiographical" theory of the novel; for if Michael Fane and Maurice Avery and Guy Hazlewood are characters sufficiently distinct to occupy the stage at the same time, it is obvious that they cannot be each a mere echo of the author's personality.

"Sinister Street" was published in two instalments; the first in the autumn of 1913; the second, originally destined for the following January, was delayed by the author's ill-health till last November. It was planned and written as a single work, the pagination is continuous, and it will ultimately no doubt be issued in a single volume. This bisection was in the first place only a concession to the junkerdom of the Circulating Libraries, for whom a six-shilling novel means a certain measure of easy words, bulky enough to satisfy the commercial sense of the subscriber, but not large enough to occupy his attention for more than a week. It was unfortunate, because much of the criticism the work should have received was side-tracked by irrelevant discussion of its length, although as a matter of fact it is shorter than many of Dickens' miscellaneous entertainments, and shorter than many of the acknowledged masterpieces of fiction. It contains, I believe, about the same number of words as Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment," or a little more than half the number in "The Brothers Karamazov." And 250,000 words are not too many for the study of a young man's life, especially if we remember that narrative art is proceeding now in the direction of the *intensive* epic (as, I think, Mr. G. K. Chesterton pointed out with reference to the "Ring and the Book"). I have already said that Michael's life is not a random collection of reminiscences, every incident in the book having been carefully chosen for its psychologic value. Those critics who preach "selection" are apt to forget that selection does not necessarily imply paucity; a thousand incidents may be an artistic selection, or ten may be a chaotic jumble.

"Sinister Street" is a study of influences in modern English life and education; but it is also and primarily the study of a temperament which is exceedingly rare now that socialism is becoming almost synonymous with intelligence. Michael Fane is essentially the contemplative man, the pure individualist, and it is as such that he finds himself drawn finally towards the Roman Church. I don't know if we are justified in inferring that he actually becomes a priest or a Benedictine monk; but if he does it is because, like Stendhal's hero in *La Chartreuse de Parme*, after the excessive and perhaps premature violence of his conflict with the world, he suddenly realises the inability of the individual to govern more than his own soul. This realisation is the whole duty of man. The microcosm is not only the image, it is the actual lever and control of the macrocosm. "Soon will come a great war, and everybody will discover it has come either because people are

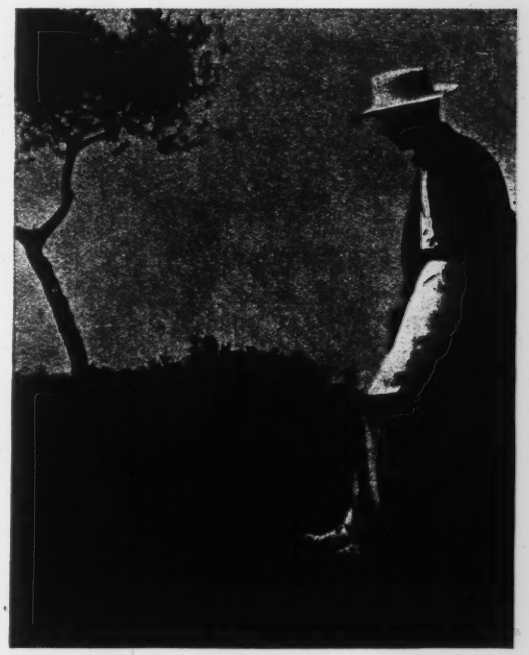


Photo by Morgan Heiskell. **Compton MacKenzie.**
From a photograph taken at Capri in 1914.

Compton MacKenzie
in his library at Casa Solitaria, Capri.

Christians or because they are not Christians. Nobody will think it is because each man wants to interfere with the conduct of his neighbour." Unexpectedly enough the lesson of "Sinister Street" is the same as that of "The Passionate Elopement," if a work of art in general, and particularly the delicious "Elopement," can be said to have a lesson at all. "Admonish the erring child," says Beau Ripple, "warn the impetuous young woman, chide the libertine, reproach the gamester, set an example of continence to all the world, but abstain from direct interference; and if an unpleasant doom overwhelms the object of your interest, pray do not suppose that you would have been able to avert it."

Photo by Morgan Heiskell **Compton MacKenzie**
at his library window at Casa Solitaria, Capri.

A possible fault in the structure of "Sinister Street" is in the treatment of Michael's years at Oxford, which seems long and occasionally priggish, while a few passages—the digression, for instance, on "Good Eggery"—almost fall into the category of journalism as defined above. But the fault of structure is more apparent than real. The Oxford chapters seem slow when read at the beginning of Volume II., but they fall into proportion if the work is read as a whole; I think, moreover, that they are intended to give the impression of a pause, a long drawn out reflection on the follies of childhood, an almost static calm before the *Sturm und Drang* of the world. Similarly the other faults will tend to disappear in a comprehensive view. This, I must repeat, is not the author's but Michael's view of Oxford, *ex hypothesi* immature—"the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted."

VI.

One cannot of course examine within these limits all the faults of detail that might be detected in "Sinister Street"; but it is an artistic whole composed with an almost pedantical care for "form" and "selection." There is no flaw in the structure of it comparable to that in "Carnival," which almost breaks in half at page 338. I once had the audacity to think that the book would be actually improved if it were made to end on that page, leaving Jenny alone with her sister in quiet tears by the fire in the old house in Hagworth Street on the night after their mother's funeral. It would have been an ending on that grey note with which Maupassant closes "Une Vie," a note somehow more harrowing than any blackness. But of course when I read it again I saw how impossible it would be to sacrifice the incomparable beauty of the Cornish scenes which follow, the scenes of Jenny dancing for the last time for her baby under the apple trees, or talking with Granfa Champion in the garden; of Maurice's return ("too late" is the most tragic of all themes) and of his utter rejection by Jenny which gives her figure the final dignity. No, the break in the structure of "Carnival" is more than compensated. There are, besides, one or two lapses into what I have called journalism, detail, that is, not sufficiently digested or not far enough "removed" from the author (the Suffragette chapter, for example, is really only a clever sketch); there are kindred lapses into sentimentalism, and an excess of London and theatrical slang; all artistic blemishes which probably, as often happens, much increased the book's popularity.

The real fault of the book is in the presentment of Trewhella; the author, it sometimes seems almost unconsciously, has made him a mere brute, whose repulsiveness is hardly mitigated by his fine Cornish idiom and Calvinistic imagery. Now "Beauty and the Beast" is not a tragedy but a fairy tale. Certainly I think the tragedy is made possibly more distressing but less tragic, is in fact essentially weakened, by the fact that its instrument is only a vile vessel of lust, avarice and bigotry, rather than some noble savage for whom one might have felt some degree of sympathy; that he is one might say Iago playing the part of Othello: this apart of course from the question of whether in the first place the marriage of Jenny to such a grotesque can be made to appear credible, a question on which the author may be given, I think, the benefit of the doubt.

But of course the great achievement of the book is Jenny herself, a brave, a lovely, a crystalline figure of gaiety and truth.

VII.

I don't think the severest critic could find any structural fault, any so-called "formlessness" in "Guy and Pauline," which was published only a few days ago. The manuscript, by the way, was finished just in time for the author to take up the commission to which the Admiralty gazetted him on April 23rd. He reported himself at Sir Ian Hamilton's headquarters without returning to England, so that the proofs have presumably been corrected in the harassed intervals of his work at the Dardanelles. This is not a plea for any special consideration of "Guy and Pauline." The book must,

of course, be judged entirely on its own merits as a work of art; and as such it will be deemed, I think, the most flawless novel the author has yet given us.

The bewildered reviewers who have hardly yet succeeded in focussing "Sinister Street," will find themselves in the presence of a work considerably shorter than either of the last. Guy Hazlewood is living at Plashers Mead (the house which gave its name to a chapter of "Sinister Street," Michael Fane having shared with Guy its memorable discovery); and the story hardly moves from the little Cotswold town in which it is set. The time too is equally circumscribed, two years month by month being sufficient for the development of the catastrophe, an arrangement which makes each escaping month seem a step in the emotional problem; month by month the serene pastoral of the commencement, the rosy idyl glimpsed and envied by Michael, unfolds into inevitable tragedy. For a tragedy it is, one of those quiet tragedies in which nobody dies, nobody is to blame, and only a dream is murdered. You might call it, I suppose, the tragedy of delay, and I have heard that it was at one time to have been called "The Thief of Time." I will not describe the "plot," because the plot would have to be a simple enumeration of characters, so inevitably does disaster seem to result, by the lapse of two years, from their relation; and all the action is the slow gliding of golden months, and the growth of love, and the constriction of circumstance, and the rather attractive unpracticalness of delightful people.

Between the Rectory and Plashers Mead, by stream and upland, the tale of love plays itself out, seen alternately through Guy's mentality and through Pauline's; and so real are the characters that they can never be dissociated from the emotional forces they generate, the jealousy of a young man's love or the cruelty of innocence. It is not a conflict of possessiveness and innocence and procrastination, it is just Guy and Pauline and the Greys; and in that English countryside of almost dream-like beauty, which seems a lucid interspace of modern life, the characters are as tranquilly isolated as any of Turgenev's remote households on the Russian steppe.

Compton Mackenzie
at the Dardanelles, August 1915.

Compton Mackenzie
at the Dardanelles, August, 1915.

VIII.

And that is really why I think "Guy and Pauline" is the greatest artistic achievement Mackenzie has so far attained; an achievement marking a distinct advance along the whole front held by the English novel.

From the first page to the last, not only I mean at moments of tension, but through all the humours of country life—of Guy's economic trials with his deaf housekeeper, of the Rectory, itself like a house in a fairy tale where existence is a wise harmony of chamber music and horticultural Latin—the spell of tranquillity is never broken. From the first page to the last not only Guy and Pauline, and her beautiful sisters, and the Rector and his wife, but all the minor characters, Miss Peasey, and the gardener, and Guy's father the schoolmaster (rather like a middle article in *The Spectator*), and the carrier, and Miss Verney (and even Bob), they are all immanent like figures seen in a crystal, a magic crystal in which they live transfigured and immortal. The tragedy of "Guy and Pauline" seems to be enacted from beginning to end in the sphere of tranquillity, while in the other books there are moments, as I think I have shown, when the vision wavers, the crystal clouds.

But consider how many scenes there are in them which one remembers, as one remembers Tess of the D'Urbervilles looking out over the valley, or Madame Bovary, or Odysseus stripping off his rags at the beginning of the 22nd Odyssey; vital attitudes in some more lucid air, like that of the figures that move and move not on the frieze of Neoptolemus; as one remembers also a few "vital attitudes" of Mr. Pickwick, and many

of Uncle Toby; because what I have called the air of tranquillity may include in beauty, which after all is only the quintessence of life, any manifestation of life, scenes not only tragic and majestical, but also occasions of the most boisterous comedy. So in Mackenzie's books among the tensest moments of the comic spirit one remembers the fight in the passage in Neptune Crescent, which whelms Michael in the domestic grievances of Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch and Poppy; and Mrs. Frith's ejection from the thin red house in Carlington Road, or Dolly's from the Café d'Orange; and one remembers the macabre appearance of Brother Aloysius (some time Mr. Meats) among the blackberries at Clere Abbas, or the hideous night before his arrest in Leppard Street, or Mrs. Raeburn's reception of the three Aunts; just as significantly as one remembers Jenny in scarlet serge dancing under the plane tree at the quiet end of Hagworth Street, and her birthday party in the Studio, and her journey to Cornwall; or Michael and Alan in Richmond Park, and summer afternoon school in the History Sixth at St. James " while the mowing-machine hummed its low harmony of perishable minutes and wasted sunlight " ; or Stella and Michael in the forest at Compiègne, and at Châtillon; or Lily moving like a Piero della Francesca angel among the mirrors at Ararat House.

These are only random examples, given as the pen runs, of Mackenzie's power to transfigure ordinary life with this crystalline vitality; one could never really make an anthology of these occasions because they are all organic parts of the books in which they occur. One might talk a great deal of the technical method by which these results are attained; and one might go on discussing till the end of the war endless questions of style (which is analysis of an author's personality), of his comic vision or of his philosophic conception of the universe. But, after all, it is ultimately for such moments as these, which rank with the most fine creations of English art, that Compton Mackenzie's work will be remembered after all our international grievances are forgotten.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

" The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original greeting in four lines of verse to a new V.C.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to A. Howe, of Way College, Adelaide, South Australia, for the following:

AN OUTLAW'S SONG.

My Sampan drifts where the reed-beds quiver,
  Its shadow faint in the dusky blue,
Softly the Twilight gate uncloses,
  And silver sandalled Night comes through;
With scents of cedars, musk, and roses
  She comes Vesese with dreams of you.

An old, old song hath this singing river,
  A wistful call to the list'ning stars,
The pale moon at her lattice lingers,
  Tossing her pearls to its shining bars,
To the lace work wrought by fairy fingers,
  About the shadowed masts and spars.

A plover's call and I see your coming,
  Graceful and swift, as a moon moth's flight;
Sweet and pale like a lotos flower,
  Your eyes like stars in the purple night
See the fire-flies fall in a golden shower,
  Their Danae You—my Heart's Delight.

You come, Vesese, like a tired bird homing,
  So pale, my sweet; is it love, or fear?
Your kinsmen seek your rebel lover,
  Each shrub, you think, may hide a spear—
Away on the hills they seek the Rover,
  Nor dream that he, and Love are here.

A. HOWE.

We also select for printing:

THE BROKEN CRUCIFIX.

The tides of War have thundered by
  This little lonely wayside shrine—
Empty and dark against the sky
  The Cross that held the Form divine,
And at its feet the shattered Christ
Proclaims Love freshly sacrificed.

The nail-pierced hands, the slender feet
  Are torn from their last resting-place,
By storms of shot and shell that beat
  Across the beauty of that Face;
A yawning wound gapes dark and wide
Above the bleeding, spear-torn side.

Long years ago, a voice that mocked
  Cried, " Christ, if Thou be God indeed
Come down! " And lo! the earth has rocked,
  And in His pity and our need,
Lest faith should turn to fear and loss,
Christ stands with us beneath the Cross!

(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

THE STREET OF LANTERNS.

They have built them a lane of fire that leads to my father's door,
A street of lanterns, golden flowers in the gathering dusk.
The air is heavy with perfume, rose and amber and musk,
The feet of many guests pass on the echoing floor.

Music throbs in the dark. I hear, with swift-caught breath,
The wedding-cry of the women, that thrills and appals my heart;
And I dare not dream, although for a space I sit apart,
Of the Desert ways I love—and shall see no more till Death.

For me the bridegroom waits, and the wedding night is come,
And for me, who love the lonely Desert ways and the stars,
He has builded a narrow, gaudy cage, with latticed bars . . .
For me are the lantern flowers, and my heart is dumb.

(Thora Stowell, care of Ogden, Palais de Koubbeh, near Cairo, Egypt.)

From the very numerous other lyrics received we select for special commendation those by Beresford Richards (Co. Derry), Miss B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Robert A. Smith (Queensland, Australia), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Frank H. Humby (Sidcup), Frances T. Blyth (Eastbourne), G. M. (Cavendish Square), Lawrence Tarr (Upminster), H. Thompson Rich (New Jersey), Sydney E. Church (B. E. F., France), Raoul Hedden (Jersey, C. I.), Christine Chaundler (Russell Square), A. J. Thompson (Worthing), W. H. Barnes (Bristol), Ivy L. Merryweather (Wimbledon), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Miss O. M. Geer (Hungerford), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), Arthur Thrush (London, W. C.), Miss C. M. Sugden (Wakefield), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), George C. Murray (West Perth, Australia), Eileen Newton (Whitby), May Kidson (Perth, Australia), Octavia Gregory (Parkstone), Lucy J. Taylor (Birmingham), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), E. R. L. (Durham), A. Ellerton (Primrose Hill), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Saladin (Crystal Palace), May O. Rourke (Dorchester), W. Siebenhaar (Perth, Australia), Norman Hugh Romanes (Westminster), Alice M. Winlow (Vancouver), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate), E. L. Foyster (Croydon), McLandburgh Wilson (New York), Margaret E. Gibbs (Thornton Heath), Leslie Comber (Jamaica).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to W. T. Hicks Bolton, of 15, Montrose Avenue West Kilburn, London, N.W., for the following:

A NOTABLE TRIO. BY THOS. SECCOMBE.
"Three blind mice!"

We also select for printing:

ECONOMY IN WARTIME. BY MRS. EUSTACE MILES. (Methuen.)
"Turn down an empty Glass."
The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.

(Doris Dean, 55, College Road, Bromley, Kent.)

I WILL REPAY. BY BARONESS ORCZY. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
"Both my speaking eyes were sable."
C. S. CALVERLEY, *Gemini and Virgo.*

(Charles Powell, 67, Dickenson Road, Manchester.)

THE CHORUS. BY SYLVIA LYND. (Constable.)
"Each rivals the other in powers—
Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints."
AUSTIN DOBSON, *Dora versus Rose.*

(Annie E. Richardson, 15, Buckenham Square, New Kent Road, London, S.E.)

A LOVER'S TALE. BY MAURICE HEWLETT. (Ward, Lock.)
"An' I says, 'I mun gie thee a kiss,' an' Sally says, 'Noä thou moänt,'
But I gied her a kiss, an' then anoother, an' Sally says, 'Doänt.'"
TENNYSON, *Northern Cobbler.*

(B. L. Wood, 7, Romilly Road, Barry, S. Wales.)

Compton Mackenzie.
From a sketch by J. Montgomery Flagg.

REVIEW: THE FREEING OF THE SPIRIT. BY A. E. WAITE.
"Suppose, the spirit Beethoven wants to shed
New music he's brimful of; why, he turns
The handle of this organ,——"
R. BROWNING, *Mr. Sludge, The Medium.*

(Eileen Newton, White Haven, West Cliff, Whitby, Yorkshire.)

THE GOLDEN QUEST. BY A. AND C. ASKEW. (Ward, Lock.)
"Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is."
TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer.*

(Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield.)

JULIETTE DRUET'S LOVE LETTERS TO VICTOR HUGO. (Stanley Paul.)
"This put her papa—
She had no mamma—
As may well be supposed,
In the deuce of a rage."
BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends.*

(Joyce F. Powell, The Vicarage, Knotty Ash, Liverpool.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best list of six books to send out to soldiers in the trenches, and the best reason for choosing the books selected, is awarded to James A. Richards, of 19, Park Road, Tenby, Pembrokeshire, for the following:

"The Pickwick Papers." By Charles Dickens.
"Wordsworth's Poems."
"Deeds that Won the Empire." By Dr. W. H. Fitchett.
"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." By Sir A. Conan Doyle.
"Wee Macgregor." By J. J. Bell.
"The Harvester." By Gene Stratton Porter.

I take it for granted that every soldier has a Bible. "Pickwick" will bring the Divine gift of laughter. Fitchett's work inspire to great deeds. Macgregor will recall home and boyhood. Sherlock arrest and hold the attention of the reader. "The Harvester" brings the pure love element in a romantic setting. Wordsworth as the poet of English home life.

It has been difficult to make this decision; many of the other lists sent are varied and excellent, the best six being those from Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Miss J. Shaw (Harrogate), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Gordon Fletcher (Erdington), Norman Birkett (Birmingham), Frederick G. Jackson (Leeds).

XUM

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words of any recent book is awarded to Florence G. Fidler, of 131, Abbey Road, London, N.W., for the following:

ANGELA'S BUSINESS. By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. (Constable.)

The business of Angela is husband-hunting; and her failure and success therein are chronicled by Mr. Harrison with a quiet, sly humour which is altogether delightful. His slow, deliberate method of developing his characters, and of building up his plot produce the effect on the reader of watching a stage drama played by a skilful caste. The portrait of the modern woman, Mary Wing, is forcible and true to life: while the gradual mental growth of the young author, who in the first chapter "viewed Woman never as La Femme, but exclusively as a Question," makes capital reading.

We also select for printing:

JOYS OF THE SIMPLE LIFE. By DUGALD SEMPLE. (G. Bell & Sons.)

We hear a great deal just now about the necessity of living more simply and economically, but that there are higher issues to the practice of simplicity than mere money-saving, is not always realised. Mr. Semple, writing from his caravan home at Bridge of Weir, tells in his book of the joys of living when non-essentials are eliminated, leaving only the best things of life. The various chapters are full of interesting experiences and earnest reflections, and, especially, helpful suggestions for those who, to quote the preface, "Are striving to live a simpler, nobler, and more beautiful life."

(James G. Henry, 33, Dudley Drive, Partick, Glasgow.)

THE WAY OF THE RED CROSS. By VIVIAN & WILLIAMS. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This book is a collection of impressions—sketches taken from different points of view, but all focussing in the end to one great object. Its division into two parts—at Home and Abroad—gives it the necessary breadth for dealing with such a large subject. The terrible shadow of war is lightened by stories of self-sacrifice and helpfulness. Every department is represented, and the reading of such a book is heartening on account of the way in which humanity shines through the records of its pages.

(Jessie Jackson, 83, Walkergate, Beverley.)

BEALBY. By H. G. WELLS. (Methuen.)

There has been a tendency to review "Bealby" as a trivial diversion quite uncharacteristic of Mr. Wells. Personally, I do not find the book trivial; for, woven throughout the wanderings of runaway Bealby, there is an appreciable philosophy. For example, we have a beautiful lesson of life in the description of Bealby and the caravanners at the pictures. Several slight digressions on the social problem proclaim the novel characteristically Wellsian. There is a quality about "Bealby," light and rollicking though it is, that points gravely to the duty of cheerfulness and a happy tolerance towards others.

(Peter Winstanley, 30, Belmont Road, Bolton.)

AMERICA AND GERMANY. By J. WILLIAM WHITE. (Unwin.)

The materials for judgment in this book are, by no means, scanty. There is the War, with its concomitants of piracy and outrage, and the pre-war diplomacy, in which Germany still feels it expedient to withhold the most vital of her own proceedings from official publication. Dr. White has skimmed for us the cream of the very active controversy that has raged, for more than a year, in the American Press, and has erected, upon a massive pedestal of logic and fact, his conviction that the Republic will be wounded, alike in its interests and honour, by a permanent neutrality.

(M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.)

FIFTY-ONE TALES. By LORD DUNSANY. (Elkin Mathews.)

Tales prodigious and stories extraordinary, to the average reader they must appear so utterly bizarre and whimsical as to be almost meaningless, but lovers of the eerie and remote in literature will feel at once under the spell of a potent wizard of words. "Wind and Fog" reveals the author's marvels of diction to an almost magical degree. The Hellenic spirit is curiously apparent in all the tales beneath its Celtic counterpart, and love of the symbol is blent with a quaint humour rarely met with in present-day writings. A distinctly remarkable volume and a treasure-book of its kind.

(Kathleen White, 55, Elm Grove Road, Barnes, Surrey.)

SOME ELDERLY PEOPLE AND THEIR YOUNG FRIENDS. By S. MACNAUGHTEN.

One rubs one's eyes with amazement at the opening sentences of this book. Julia is forty; her sister and friends a few years older. She lives in a large and comfortable house, with a staff of servants and a portly butler; she wears handsome satin gowns, gives ponderous dinners, has a few (equally elderly) friends in to whist in the evenings, and before they part they all have harmless tots of hot whiskey and water. In many ways the story is a charming and amusing one, *but*—dear Miss Macnaughten, people of forty are not elderly to-day, and they *don't do these things!*

(Miss B. C. Hardy, 19, Hartfield Square, Eastbourne.)

BRUNEL'S TOWER. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Eden Phillpotts in spite of handicapping himself by a complete technicology of pottery-craft—conveyed in masterly style—has given us another wonderful book. The character of Harvey Porter, the waif beloved yet mistrusted by the master-potter, has no complexities, though the divinity of its simplicity may be questioned. We are accustomed to Mr. Phillpotts' black sheep, but this is a new breed and a most distinctively funny one. A less able writer might have flawed him with apologies. Nature needs none for the perfection of nudity. The chorus of old men is as usual delightful.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

BITTERSWEET. By GRANT RICHARDS. (Grant Richards.)

A story of a double life, of an intrigue between an Englishman at a Continental "Cure" and a dancing girl of the Latin Quarter, told with almost diary-like precision, "Bittersweet," despite the sordidness inseparable from such an episode, is engrossing reading. The wonderful intuition, which traces so cleverly the effect of environment, a total severing of familiar ties upon a man, and which, incidentally reveals the "soul of the dancer," grips the imagination. At times unconvincing, again poignantly human, there is "bitter" and "sweet" in this study of temperament, which possesses all the distinction we associate with the author of "Caviare."

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno.)

We specially commend the twenty reviews sent in by Miss A. Hana Baird (Norwood), Andrea S. Holbrow (Bath), C. W. Pilkington Rogers (Ipswich), Miss M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), Miss E. Willis (Wandsworth), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Irene Harrison (Earl's Court), C. E. M. Joad (Hampstead), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Doris Dean (Bromley), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), N. R. McIntosh (Birmingham), J. Victor Stalker (Dundee) Marie Russell (Glasgow), Miss M. Troughton (Golder's Green), A. Racer (London, S.E.), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), C. Lambert Baynes (Champion Hill).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Sissie Hunter, of 14, Avondale Road, Chesterfield

FLEET STREET MEMORIES.*

By RICHARD WHITEING

STILL they come; and why not? Every human being has something worth remembering for himself and for others, if only he knows how to set it down.

The author of this book is a Scotsman who has passed the better part of forty years in Fleet Street, and now registers the heart beats of that pulse of the world. His method is a good one, the anecdotic and the go-as-you-please. There is no better in the circumstances, for who could hope to reduce such a welter of impressions into a philosophy of life? The only possible course is to let one thing lead to another—Stanley to the staircase where he was first met; the staircase to Sutherland House to which the staircase belonged; this to the distinguished people who have stood under that roof, Garibaldi and the Shah of Persia among the number.

* "The Pulse of the World." By Malcolm Stark. 5s. net. (Skeffington.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Compton Mackenzie, 1913.

And, above all, for interest, "Archie Campbell," what time he took part in the famous meeting against the proposal to abolish the Tartan in the Highland regiments—a demonstration admirably stage-managed.

"The pipers of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh roused the imagination with their wild and spirited music. After speeches of the strongest protest by Scottish noblemen and soldiers, and a rarely paralleled burst of nationality, with an appeal to city, mountain, and glen, the figure of Lord Archibald Campbell, a son of the Duke of Argyll, was seen emerging from a corner, drawing his dirk, waving the fiery cross, and carrying it through the hall and up the grand staircase amidst a scene of enthusiasm such as, I fancy, was never before witnessed even in Stafford House."

The death of the late Duke of Argyll, who was born at Sutherland House, recalls a reminiscence of his father—and so you go on.

And it is by no means all dukes and lords, as too many of such books tend to be. Some of the best commemorated are not even names to that general public to whose wants they ministered throughout strenuous lives. David Moffatt—Davie always to his friends—has his page here. A good German scholar and a French, he abounded in much of the lore of those tongues, including, as Mr. Stark might have remembered to tell us, the whole Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte. Davie had but one weakness, a certain credulity, a dangerous foible in the journalist, which made him easy sport for the wags. One morning, in the small hours, two of these heartless creatures waylaid him with the report that the Prince of Wales had been shot in the Highlands. He returned to his office and despatched a message to his clients in the European capitals and in America. The morning's reflection on this feat in "scooping" convinced him that he had been hoaxed, and when he crawled forth in terror to see the effect of his handiwork, he found a placard in full possession of: "Shooting of Prince of Wales in the Highlands. Latest Particulars," which perhaps, in one way of reading it, saved the situation for these shores.

The Press blunders of Mr. Stark's memories have been only less distressing than the hoaxes. An American editor, whose cable told him, and truly, that the Oxford Music Hall had been burnt down, could find nothing better to do than read up "Oxford" in his books of reference, and announce the destruction of the Sheldonian Theatre. Again, when Carlyle died, at the time of the campaign in Ashantee, the items "Carlyle dead. Fighting Ashantee," cabled to Australia, came out thus: "Mr. Thomas Carlyle, formerly of Craigenputtock, but lately of Chelsea, author of 'Sartor' and the 'History of the French Revolution' died yesterday fighting the Ashantees."

Our author, in the generally accepted way, learns his calling in the provinces, and then gravitates to London. The mighty city draws him, as it draws most of us, by "its medley of all the elements of tumult, ambition, passion, worry, government, taste, fashion, riches, privation, crime"—the all sorts that it takes to make a world. And, as for Fleet Street, at the heart of it, "No thoroughfare in London is more magnetic, after midnight. From Temple Bar to St. Pauls the patter never ceases, in summer heat or in winter cold." The very taverns, here and there in the purlieus, are not as others. By privilege of authority, and for the benefit of night workers who may want refreshment, some of them begin their opening day at two o'clock in the morning. The privilege is sometimes abused by night birds who know their way about, and contrive to pass as members of the Press. It was shockingly abused by the three cabbies who in answer to the customary question, blandly declared themselves—one a reporter on *The Daily News*, another, a compositor on *The Standard*, and the third, Editor of *The Times*. The talk is varied and often full of quality. If in one corner it is, or rather was, but the prospects of the Two Thousand Guineas or the Derby, in another it might turn on searching forecasts of the chances of immortality of Carlyle, Tennyson, or Browning, the literary lights of the time, or close debates on the theory of probability as the touchstone of wisdom and the guide of life. An ever fresh topic was the contrast between Gladstone and Disraeli, for better or for worse. The author, if he had thought of it, would have probably been able to add, in confirmation of others who have shared his right of entry, that most of the champions of the first-named belonged to the Conservative Press, and of the other to the Liberal. What wonder! They are tired of hearing the Office brand of Aristides called the "Just-So."

In due time the author seems to have heard Scotland's call of his native wild, and to have answered, like the typical djinn of "The Arabian Nights," "I hear, and I obey." In his closing pages, we leave him, or he leaves us, on his retirement, going ashore at Tarbert, after weathering a gale in Lochfyne, and with a prospect of hare-soup and chops before a blazing fire. "In my joyous exuberance I quoted Aytoun's spirited lines:

> "Let me feel the breezes blowing
> Fresh along the mountain side!
> Let me see the purple heather,
> Let me hear the thundering tide."

But wait. "I began to realise seriously for the first time that I was cut away from London—at all events from my nightly pursuits—cut away from the pulse of the world. . . . I guessed what would be going on there, and wished myself back in the midst of it all. What a difference there was between the desolate shores of Kintyre and Argyll, and the blazing life of the Metropolis!"

Aweel! Aweel! sirs—a very pleasant book.

BAGEHOT.*

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE Admirable Crichton in Barrie's satirical fantasy was observed to like "sets of things"; and his awed subjects placated him by gifts that touched this soft side of autocracy. The resources of the island, exploited as they were to the utmost by Crichton's genius, could scarcely rise to sets of the more serious authors, otherwise collections of Hallam, Southey, and Josephus (that learned Jew), uniformly bound and

* "The Works of Walter Bagehot." Edited by Mrs. Russell Barrington. 10 vols. 75s. net. (Longmans).

lettered on the back, would certainly have adorned the autocrat's library. I hope I do no injustice to his literary taste. It is true that he quotes Henley; but that is in a moment of rapture when men, notoriously, will say anything. I cannot find this conclusive. I feel sure that his natural inclinations leaned towards Hallam and Southey, and very probably Philip James Bailey.

For myself (no autocrat, but a timid and unassertive bookman), I confess to sharing Crichton's weakness for sets—in the literary sense. A collected edition always beguiles me. A few prized examples have come my way as perquisites of the reviewer's trade—rare and precious consolations for the toil of reading patiently (with an eye to quotable extracts) so many of those stock issues of the day that are born to inevitable exposure at murderous prices in the windows of remainder shops. Some other sets I have acquired by honourable purchase, thereby squandering in a day the exiguous earnings of a month or more. These, perhaps, I should love most of all, as the fruits of sacrifice, the splendid extravagance of poverty. But I do not discriminate. So that I have my set, I am not nice about its origin.

There would seem to be no third course. Gift or presentation cannot be relied upon, because the books that people give you are always those you do not want, and certainly never sets—except perhaps on marriage. But then one cannot marry every month. However, there is a third way of acquiring collected editions—a means almost incredible, and I fear precarious. A gentleman in the United States, connected with the great betting business known as Insurance, decided to tempt prospective clients by presenting them with a set of volumes when the transaction was duly completed. The idea was to induce the insured to live long enough to read them. I believe this kind of thing is often done in those curious States. In the present instance, our insurance director exhibited his excellent taste, as well as his business capacity, by compiling his presentation set from the fugitive and little known writings of Walter Bagehot, an English banker, economist, country gentleman and essayist. This should be regarded as a precedent. There are several sets of books I want. Will English insurance companies please note? I promise to live as long as I can.

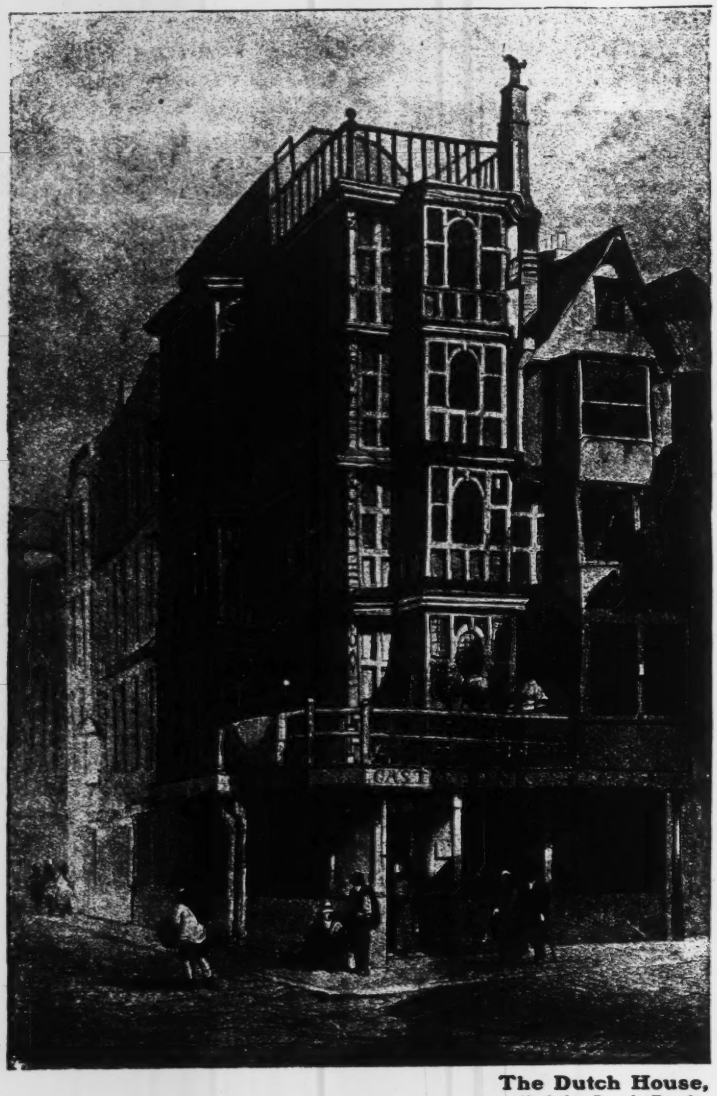
Walter Bagehot.

From a mezzotint by Norman Hurst.
Frontispiece to Vol. 10 of "The Works of Walter Bagehot" (Longmans).

We owe, therefore, the first collected Bagehot (like the first collected De Quincey) to the discernment of America. Now, a long time after, we have an English set in ten spacious and dignified volumes, which include, as every good collected edition should, a whole bookful (or more) of stuff not hitherto reprinted. This is as it should be. Every owner of a collected edition, though otherwise amiable, likes to feel that he possesses matter not contained in the cheaper issues. For a more becoming reason this new material is welcome. We cannot have too much of Bagehot. He had the rare gifts of a personal note in style and a constructive force in criticism. He was the kind of man who always managed to say something valuable, even in a leading article; so that, really, very little of his work can be safely ignored as obsolete or uninteresting. When I add that the present selection of new matter has been made under the shrewd and discerning eye of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, nothing more need be said to commend it to readers of The Bookman.

Considered very critically, the edition as a whole has certain defects; but I have dwelt upon these elsewhere, and it would be literally damnable iteration to go over the tale again. The solid attractions of the set outweigh all minor imperfections. It is the only complete edition of a brilliant and original writer whose style never stales and whose wisdom never palls. It is an excellent investment for the library.

Bagehot is, in many respects, a typical Englishman. He conveys, somehow, the sense that writing books is rather good fun, but not the sort of thing a gentleman should do for a living. In that respect he harks back to the tradition of the Sidneys and the Raleghs and the other gallant amateurs who made Eliza's day so spacious. What we call Bagehot's works, he would have called his *parerga*, the real business of his life being discoverable, not in his library, but in the parlour of Stuckey's Bank, or in the office of the "Economist," or behind the scenes at the Treasury. He was the complete Englishman raised to the highest power. "Animated moderation" (his own happy term) describes exactly his chief good quality. In animation, certainly, he is excelled by no other English essayist, though he never scolds, like Ruskin, or raves, like Carlyle. True, he



The Dutch House, called the Castle Bank.
Banking House of Stuckeys, 1826-1854.
From "The Works of Walter Bagehot" (Longmans).

is always "going on," but in the happier sense of that equivocation; and his motion is real progression, and not a mere running round after his own tail, in the busy, unprofitable manner of too many miscellaneous writers, grave and gay. In literature, as in life, it is not enough to move; the essential thing is to move on. Bagehot moves on; but not so fast that panting Britons toil after him in vain.

To this animation he joins the sister virtue of moderation. In "Physics and Politics," that wise little book, he lays stress on the fact that one main element of progress is the presentation of only just so much new matter as can be comfortably assimilated by the old. The doctrine is reiterated by Samuel Butler. All Bagehot's own work exhibits this quality of conservative innovation. He is original, but he never frightens his readers. He says startling things with the utmost steadiness. Compare him with a safe, emphatic man like Macaulay. Macaulay is what may be called a sedentary writer. He never fails to interest and to instruct, like an encyclopædia combining excellence and brilliance; but he never takes you anywhere. There are no spiritual adventures in Macaulay. Bagehot is full of them; though like the true shy Englishman he offers them as if they were covered by the office season-ticket.

The Englishman is the most romantic creature in the world. His national poet is a magical rhetorician with a sense of humour; his very empire is like a boy's adventure book come true; yet he is at pains to believe that he is a plain, practical fellow with no damned nonsense about him. And all the time he is stuffed full of nonsense, not damned nonsense, like Prussian metaphysics, but nonsense almost divine. Bottom the weaver is English, but so is Puck; "Paradise Lost" is English, but so is "Pickwick." England is a land of shopkeepers to the shallow observer; its truer names are Illyria, the Forest of Arden, a sea coast of Bohemia, or a wood near Athens. The Englishman presents to the world the phenomenon of romance under discipline, a combination so startling and irresistible that large portions of the map have turned instantly red on beholding it. Bagehot represents this double nature of the Englishman more exactly than any other writer of his class. His very gravity likes to disguise itself as levity, as if all the tremendous things in life were a bit of a jolly old lark. His general tempo is allegro; but it is an allegro like Beethoven's that can say more momentous things than others can put into an adagio. He is sparkling, yet he is serious; he is romantic, yet he is restrained. He was a prosperous banker, yet he wrote on the finer issues of life and literature. He invented Treasury Bills, yet he proclaimed that mysticism is true. Could anything be more delightfully English?

New Books.

WOMEN IN THE WAR.*

These two volumes, of a lively interest as to their matter, have a secondary interest which might indeed come first with the student of character and those curiously interested in human nature, for each is a study in personality. Each, one thinks, must more or less faithfully represent the woman behind it. Each is, further, a study in femininity. It would be quite possible, one would think, to paint portraits, or at least to make pencil sketches, of Miss Sinclair and Mrs. Creed after a mere reading of these books,

* "A Journal of Impressions in Belgium." By May Sinclair. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"A Woman's Experiences in the Great War." By Louise Mack (Mrs. Creed). 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

in which they are themselves and not the creatures they set out to write about in novels. We are grateful for the picture of Mrs. Creed as the frontispiece to her book. The delicate, intrepid, inquisitive nose is worth the whole 10s. 6d. that is paid for the book, as an index to the character which brought Mrs. Creed into so many strange adventures and places, and kept her in Antwerp when all the men had—shall we say moved on?—to see the end of the adventure. Behind Miss Sinclair's book we see an intrepid heart somewhat hampered by delicacy and sensitiveness. One feels that the heart had rather to flog the body. A young English lady stated to me thus her qualifications for nursing the wounded soldiers in France: "I am strong; I have languages; and I can be trusted not to flirt with the convalescents." Well, the latter clause may or may not have been a qualification. We heard earlier in the war that the astute Germans were employing pretty nurses for their wounded; and certainly a pretty girl will hold out more potent inducements to a sick man to get well than a snuffy, ugly old nurse, however efficient. But, in the first clause of my friend's qualification, one feels Miss Sinclair must have failed. Though she asseverates ever so strongly her physical fitness for the Red Cross, one shakes one's head. The value of her book is a literary one; and each of these books has the special interest of the sharp, new, clean impression of the war. Our senses are blunted after fourteen months of it.

Of course Miss Sinclair will always see a thing with the eye of the poet and artist, and reproduce it in exquisite words. Three or four things will remain with one long after the shower of War Books has become a steady downpour. There is the picture of the refugees in the Palais des Fêtes at Ghent. There is the episode of the wounded English officer whom Miss Sinclair nursed—almost Shandean in its broad, yet delicate human pathos. There is the garden at Écloo, where the tired Ambulance in retreat halted for food and rest.

"It is about four in the morning when we get there. A thin ooze of light is beginning to leak through the mist. The mist holds it as a dark cloth holds the fluid that bleaches it. There is something queer about this light. There is something queer, almost inimical, about this garden. . . . The mist stands straight up from the earth like a high wall drawn close about the house; it blocks with dense grey stuff every inch of space between the bushes and the trees: they are thrust forward, rank upon rank, closing in upon the house: they loom enormous and near. A few paces further back they appear as without substance in the dense grey stuff that invests them: their tops are tangled and lost in a web of grey. In this strange garden it is as if space itself had solidified in masses and solid objects had become spaces between.

"When your eyes get used to this curious inversion it is as if the mist was no longer a wall but a growth; the garden is the heart of a jungle bleached by enchantment and struck with stillness and cold; a tangle of grey; a muffled, huddled and stifled bower, all grey; and webbed and laced with grey."

Here Miss Sinclair is herself. A delicate and scrupulous conscientiousness makes her minute in recording the doings of the Ambulance.

Mrs. Creed could not have written these paragraphs to save her life. But she has the instinct of the journalist, and when impressions have to be sharp and sudden—jotted down, so to speak, in a reporter's note-book—journalism serves. That delightful nose must have been responsible for so much—the energy, the courage, the inquisitiveness, the impulsiveness, the affectionateness of the book, which has an almost *gamin* quality of liveliness and un-selfconsciousness. She seemed to thrive on danger. Everyone helped her along. No wonder, with that nose. She has a dear delightful pugnaciousness—I claim her for Ireland by that nose. Though she would thrust herself into places where the male might find women a nuisance, I dare swear every man found her a man and a brother. There is not the slightest pretence to fine writing. We rush along with her breathlessly. She tells us some few dreadful things as of the Cathedral at Aerschot; she is not mealy-mouthed; but even from the Cathedral at Aerschot one emerges into the wind and sun with this brisk creature. There is an awful piteousness about her tale of the dogs at Antwerp. Surely such harmless victims of the war are not the least piteous. One picture jumps out of the pages—the entry of the Germans into Antwerp—the first grey figure, with the rose in its coat, passing up the empty street. Indeed, all that part is admirable. The Germans rushing to the pianos is really a thing seen which might have escaped a more pretentious observer. The emerging of the hordes of hidden spies to greet the conquerors. These things tell. Indeed, there is not a page of the book which does not go with a swing.

Miss Sinclair's book is to be sold for the benefit of the National Committee for Relief to Belgium. Good luck to it and its lively fellow! Both make "live" reading.

Katharine Tynan.

THE DEFEATED HERMIT.*

This story of the Java Sea happens to appeal to us far more strongly than its author ever anticipated. Finished before even a suspicion of the coming Armageddon had ruffled the even flow of our lives, it contains his "old deep-seated and impartial" estimate of a "blonde beast" of a Teuton. The whole plot of the story hangs on the Teuton's childishness and his power of hatred, two qualities which the history of the war shows that Mr. Joseph Conrad was absolutely justified in attributing to the Germans. With a childish lack of the sense of proportion, this Schomberg bears a Swede, named Heyst, an infinite grudge for not patronising more often his hotel; and that grudge is fanned into a furious hate when the Swede rescues from his clutches a poor English girl, who is a miserable member of a cacophanous orchestra travelling about the Java Sea.

This hotel-keeper Schomberg first made his appearance in the author's "Lord Jim" sixteen years ago. Then he was little more than a shadow; now he develops into a very substantial rascal, a brutal bully of his strange, crafty wife, a vile dispenser of scandals. Most effective is the contrast between this blonde bully and the courtly Heyst, between the earthy materialist and the ascetic hermit.

This hermit is one of the most remarkable figures of fiction. Incredible at first, being a kind of St. Simon Stylites without a vestige of a faith, we are gradually forced to accept him, to believe in him, by Mr. Conrad's irresistible power of character-drawing. He stands out at last, this hermit of the Java Sea, thoroughly convincing.

Yet his origin is strange: purely the victim of his father's philosophic doubts, he learns to believe in nothing, to shrink from the world as a thing not worth touching, to regard it merely as an amusing spectacle. But the "Hound of Heaven," as Thompson would have expressed it, pursues him. First he is compelled to appear as an answer to the prayers of a good man in distress, to appear as an agent of Providence, to form a tie with him which his philosophy denounces as folly. Later on, by a strange chance, he becomes an agent of Providence to the poor English girl. How his philosophic detachment struggled against this new tie is wonderfully described. He cannot bring himself to be wholly false to the paternal philosophy, until a great danger and a great act of self-sacrifice on the part of the girl gives her the "victory."

There is nothing cheap, banal or commonplace about this act of self-sacrifice; the drama is developed with ever-growing intensity and with all Mr. Conrad's power of original and graphic description. There is something all his own in the haunting, fascinating, snakelike movements of the leader of the trio, who at Schomberg's vile instigation invade Heyst's Eden. We feel from the first that they are irresistible, but only a great master could have converted their fearful power into an instrument of good. The death-scene is the most beautiful thing Mr. Conrad has ever written.

W. A. F.

* "Victory." By Joseph Conrad. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

"THE PATRIZI MEMOIRS."*

Whatever one may think of Napoleon the military genius, the more one gets to know of Napoleon the man, the more one sickens of him. The gross and cold-blooded sensuality which he shared with his unfaithful wives and his sisters, the physical cowardice and fear of assassination which compelled him after both his abdications to take refuge on a British ship, the undignified snobbishness which prompted him to maintain a miniature court at Elba and again at "Longwood," the glaring absence of a sense of humour which kept him delighted with petty brutalities and practical jokes, the lack of magnanimity which betrayed him into insolence toward Sir Hudson Lowe, his custodian and—had he but known it—his touchstone; all these defects of breeding show a man sadly lacking in ordinary human feeling, a man whose moral sensibility had become blunted almost to vanishing point. One may pass over the minor counts in the indictment, that Bonaparte was an incorrigible liar, that he systematically cheated at cards, that he had very bad table-manners, and that he behaved like a cad to women: these charges lie implicit in Wellington's famous complaint that Napoleon was not a gentleman. What indeed emerges more and more clearly from any study of Bonaparte the man is the Italian strain in his composition, that strain of the vendetta which led him to spit his spite on Madame de Staël, to kidnap Pope Julius VII., and to assassinate the Duc D'Enghien. Napoleon, in fact, was in many respects but a *condottiere* on a larger scale, a *condottiere* too who had not the average Sforza or Borgia feeling for letters and for the arts. This moral obtusity, this disposition to play the bully and the tyrant, this inability to discriminate between domination and persecution, allied of course with an incapacity for appreciating the spirit of nationalism which was natural enough in a soldier of fortune who had hesitated whether to enter the service of England or that of France, find admirable illustration in the treatment which Napoleon meted out to a noble Roman family between 1811 and 1814. At this period, having abducted the Holy Father, the Emperor entered on the truly Imperialistic policy of attempting to Gallicise Italy by getting possession of the younger generation. Under the provisions of what was known as "The Golden Levy," a census was taken of all the noble families of the country. Those who were grown up, whether married or single, were to be drafted into the Imperial Guard or employed at court; those of tender age were to be sent, unless delicate, to the various military schools in France, there to be trained for service in the army. This grandiose scheme for denationalising the coming Italian race, a scheme which fortunately was not allowed time to mature, was calmly acquiesced in by many of the Roman aristocracy; but it found a sturdy opponent in Giovanni Patrizi, only son of the ruling Marchese, who despite all the threats and coaxings of Napoleon's agents at Rome absolutely refused to surrender his two sons, Xavier and Filippo, to the "prytanées" of France. "The Patrizi Memoirs," which Mrs. Hugh Fraser has edited with no little tact, tell, and tell very eloquently and pathetically too, with what a mixture of pettiness and ruthlessness Napoleon crushed this gallant but utterly futile opposition.

W. A. L. B.

THE SOUL'S DEVELOPMENT.†

However careful and however sympathetic, the study of certain books raises a restless feeling that one does not exactly understand the position or difficulties of those to whom they appeal, nor accept fully the elucidations which are designed to remove the difficulties. Furthermore, there are the great questions, each of the problem order, that are raised—unawares or otherwise—in the course of the general consideration and remain over, often as great as those to which a solvent is offered, occasionally greater. It is a characteristic of really important books to behave in this manner, and Mr. McDowall's "Evolution and Spiritual Life" is a book of real moment. Behind the whole path of it there is a trail of questions left, and the reader is left, too, in what I must term a state of interrogatory zeal. There is nothing more interesting in philosophical literature than a study of this kind. But as I must deal with things as they are in the book, and not with derivative points or side-issues, I can approach it only as a mystic, and it is peculiarly one which calls to be looked at from a mystical point of view—whatever may be the attitude of the writer towards that branch of inward experience which has been called mystical theology throughout the Christian centuries. For Mr. McDowall a human being is "a soul closely connected to a mechanism," which mechanism "exists because of the soul, and not the soul because of the mechanism." Growth and consequent change are at work in both, and it may be taken that this statement formulates briefly the author's idea of evolution in connection with spiritual life. Spirit is in the making, or "in the process of becoming." That towards which it is progressing is a state of freedom, and this it is "always striving to gain." Freedom is relatively "the control of matter," matter being "the instrument of spirit," but above this—in conception, if not in experience—there is a state of freedom in the absolute, apart from the obstacles of matter. That which we possess in respect of either is a "power of winning," and win we must "or be extinguished." Life is therefore a struggle, and the control gained in freedom is over that which itself possesses no element of freedom.

Now, it used to be said that evolution is concerned with sequence, in the form of a series, and knows nothing of a beginning or an end. But Mr. McDowall has a very clear notion of the end and has postulates concerning the beginning. For him it is not true that the soul "cometh from afar" and takes up its abode here as in a place of exile, from which it is finally emancipated. The liberation of pre-existent spirit is held to be a view which leads logically to pure pantheism. Spirit is not a part of God; it is created; and indeed "there are millions of new spirits in the making." The universe is therefore pluralistic. So much concerning the beginning, and now in respect of the end. The pluralism is resolved into union. "That which is becoming must eventually pass into union with that which eternally IS," and this takes place in virtue of "unity of experience between the perfected soul and the Creator." There is, however, no absorption in God; the distinction between Creator and creature remains for ever, but in and with God we reign in the Kingdom of God, "in perfect union, according to His Eternal Will."

There is nothing in this bare analysis of source and term which differs from St. Thomas Aquinas or the other great orthodox doctors, though there are points here and there in the development casting another light, and of which I should like to speak, if it were possible in this place. I am tempted also to think that the evolutionary thesis can be expressed in other language, which is old as the Christian world. The quest after freedom is the quest of the soul for God, and His attainment in union is freedom attained perfectly—or, as one says, absolutely. We are bound in the material world and are loosed in that which is spiritual. We are liberated in that end which is God. Growth and change in the body are in analogy assuredly with that which takes place in the soul when it has discovered that God is its end and that it cannot and dare not miss Him. But the kind of growth of the soul is known to us already, under other and greater names—as growth in grace and holiness. So also, spirit is in the making, but this is to say in God; and I have heard of it as the second birth and as the life of regeneration in Him. Moreover, for Mr. McDowall, the Divine Transcendence is the relation of God to Himself in the state which is called simultaneous, and here again I seem to know this in another form of language, which I have drawn from the Angel of the Schools. He has told me in what

* "The Patrizi Memoirs: A Roman Family under Napoleon." By the Marchesa Patrizi. Translated by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

† "Evolution and Spiritual Life." By Stewart A. McDowall, M.A. 6s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

manner the mode of Divine Consciousness differs from human consciousness, how self-realisation involves in us a passage from subject to object by a reflex act; but there is no such passage in Him Who is perfect, infinite, eternal. Lastly, Mr. McDowall holds that for human beings there is a passage into the realm of simultaneity; and between the lines of all the mystical records, and behind all the arduous practices of ascetic life, I read indications of a way of escape for man from the separation implied in the passage from subject to object, whether in the realisation of self or that of God. It is a work of Divine love, in the deeper stages of which God draws the soul to Himself, as St. Bonaventura puts it, and the soul draws God within.

I have given no notion whatever of the high and beautiful things which fill Mr. McDowall's book; it is illuminating in every page; but in recurrence to my starting point, among the difficulties which I do not fully understand is the position of those who will accept spiritual truths formulated in terms of evolution and "becoming" but not in those of St. Thomas. I write with humility in the heart, if not in the words. The fault is probably in myself, who am congenitally short-sighted in the mind over this day's thinking modes and have not bought glasses, because it has been sufficient to find the infinite depth of the riches of loving knowledge of God open their vistas through the gates of the Catholic mystics.

A. E. WAITE.

THE BALKANS.*

The Balkan question is so tangled, the whole region of the Balkans so full of burning animosities, that this six-pennyworth of facts about them is a treasure trove, especially now when as Mr. Woods points out "an understanding with Bulgaria probably means an augmentation of the Allied Armies by at least 1,200,000 men, and that the armies composed of these men would be in a position to act in exactly the areas where their presence would be most valuable to us. Four hundred thousand Bulgarians would advance into Turkey. They would practically, if not completely, paralyse the Ottoman resistance at the Dardanelles. At least 300,000 Greeks would be available to take part in some campaign. Five hundred thousand Rumanians might immediately cross the Austrian frontier." What people do not sufficiently realise is that "so long as her future is not adequately secured and safeguarded Bulgaria cannot afford to take up arms against Turkey, because her only accesses to the sea are" now "through Dédé Agatch, the railway to which port runs for some miles through Ottoman territory." A feeble attempt has lately been made to buy her friendship by Turkey's offering to give her up this bit of land, but the Bulgars, though, as remarked in an old world book of travel, "singularly deficient in *esprit politique*," have not sold their birthright of Bulgarian Macedonia for this mess of pottage. Mr. Woods gives us a very careful account of the military and naval forces of Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania and Greece. He does not even touch upon such vexed question as whether Greece had so far agreed to supply soldiers, when we sent our navy to the Dardanelles, that she was trusted with our plans and betrayed them. But he gives dates for the various occasions on which M. Venizelos has saved the country. And events look now as if there were to be one more date added to the list, and the hardy Evzones with their dancing white skirts might soon be gaining fresh glory. The Greek artillery, well trained by French officers, distinguished itself beyond expectation in the late war. It is sad to read that in little Montenegro every man has to serve from his eighteenth to his sixty-second year, although the last ten are in the reserve. No wonder that small country remains poor. We have heard so much of the brave Serbs, the beauties of the Balkans, poets and artists as well, that possibly Mr. Woods' facts about Rumania are more interesting. "Made up of Moldavia and Wallachia, formally united in 1861, but not independent before 1878, she made her first entry into Balkan politics in 1910 by her sudden and unprovoked attack upon Bulgaria's rear, when that country was already contending against Serbia, Montenegro, Greece and Turkey." It may be remembered her late King Carol was a Hohenzollern, and the lovely wife of his successor is a daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, and the Tsar Alexander's daughter. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* has been threatening Rumania with terrible consequences, saying also that "Rumania according to our enemies' own interpretation of international law was not and is not bound to prevent the transportation of material of war." Rumania's resources against German threats *and ravage* are plainly stated in Mr. Woods' "War and Diplomacy." It is seldom so much information upon matters not generally known—and so vital to all of us—is to be had in so compact a form.

* "War and Diplomacy in the Balkans." By H. Charles Woods. 6d. net. (Horace Cox.)

ALICIA LITTLE.

THE FREELANDS.*

A novel by Mr. Galsworthy is necessarily, if only for the charm of its craftsmanship, a delectable thing; and even when, as in the present case, his art is interwoven with frank propagandism, the resulting fabric is of the rare kind that one mentally fingers, so to say, in a glow of admiration.

In "The Freelands" his story, simple almost to slightness, has a nature setting of delicate richness instinct with the feeling of a poet, the veritable passion of a Richard Jefferies. Mr. Galsworthy is a painter in solemn, warm-hued greys, of which he composes a picture sombre yet sumptuous in tone, and singularly perfect in ensemble. Indeed, his communings with nature, through the medium of his characters, are exquisite; but the people themselves, though human enough, seem on the whole rather products of their environment, expositorily composed, than genuine creations. Meticulously fair-minded as the author is, one is always conscious of his purpose—the exploitation of the sheer wrongness of the relation between labourer and landowner. The story and its characters are moulded upon this thesis, the climax of the telling

* "The Freelands." By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. John Galsworthy.

From a snapshot taken in his garden, in Devonshire.

drama is its determined outcome. With subtle art the whole catastrophe is hinged upon the narrowness, not the malice, of a single person in power—Lady Malloring. And since much is to be learnt from a drastic but clean-fighting opponent, every landowner should study the book; though not many will accept the English labourer as the mere serf of the author's conception. Would he so accept himself? Would the mere "serf" of these clever pages—who in his cold throwing over of his fiery young champion, Derek, proves himself serf to the bone—have voluntarily undertaken, for sake of the England that has enslaved him, the part that we see him playing at this moment in the bloody trenches of Flanders?

Apart from its propaganda, the work interests deeply through the tender, most human relations it enshrines: paternal between Felix and Nedda, man-and-maid between Nedda and her lover, solicitous-maternal between the quaintly sweet, stoical old Frances Freelands and every soul with whom she comes in contact. No central dominant figure governs the story, which is a sequence of welded episodes—many of them gemlike in beauty, some finely ironical, as the week-ends of the pompous Bigwigs at Beckett—rather than an organic whole. Of the Freelands brothers, Tod is an original sketch which we could have wished carried further, Felix a likeable modern amalgam; John and Stanley count for little. The catastrophe of poor Tryst, his agony in prison, with the subsequent mental torture of young Derek, are realistic to the point of pain. Though summer warmth and radiance suffuse the story, one never feels somehow that it *is* summer: always the sad heart of autumn beats through its greenery.

Seemingly it is the business of our modern tractarian-novelists to show up life, as it were, stripped of hope, joy, gaiety; a thing poisoned by landowner, parson, plutocrat, or some other Beast in Authority. Will not one or other of them be bold enough to chasten our souls with an exposition of tyrannies less commonly dwelt upon? What kind of freedom, for instance, is enjoyed by the trade unionist compelled to loaf against his will, of the woman or unskilled workman robbed of a living by the unionist's deliberate ruling? Indeed, is there any thinkable set of human conditions from which the freedom-checking "Do this!" could be wholly eliminated?

HAROLD VALLINGS.

FOUR NOVELS.*

In these bad times it is good for us to turn from the horrors of war to such peaceful delights as books afford us, and especially novels. For of all forms of the literary art the novel is the hardest in which to achieve real success. One may achieve an artistic or a popular success; either is comparatively easy. What is most difficult to achieve is the success that is at once popular and artistic. Therefore we ought to be all the more abundantly grateful to the authors of these four novels under review for their laudable attempts to attain this most arduous end. Each of these stories is above the average in merit. Each has a quality of its own that lifts it out of the ruck and lends it distinction. No one, reading any of these books, is in any sense of the term wasting his time, for they each display that virtue without which all work must be valueless and futile—a moral aim and purpose. They are, moreover, real contributions to the lore of life, and for that reason alone should at once add something to our experience and our wisdom.

Mr. Beresford's name is placed at the head of this list because, even if he had written only "The House in Demetrius Road," Mr. Beresford must be regarded as a very considerable person indeed. I think he has made a mistake in calling his latest novel "The Mountains of the Moon," which is also the title of a book supposed to be written by the hero of his story, as some library subscribers are not too discriminating and such a title is apt to suggest to them a fantastic romance in the earlier style of Mr. H. G. Wells, rather than an ironic study of a phase of modern life. Yet after all there is something a trifle fantastic in Mr. Beresford's treatment of his theme. I speak as one less wise in these matters, but somehow his high society types do not seem to me to be quite the real thing, though their general attitude toward their lowlier fellows, and the atmosphere of serene aloofness in which they move and have their being, is no doubt truly rendered. Indeed it may be that Mr. Beresford has of malice aforethought woven this glamour of slight unreality about his puppets in order to emphasise the contrast between their uselessness and their power. Certainly he has succeeded in writing a book which is, from title-page to colophon, not only replete with interest as a good story, but also full of profitable reading.

In "The Oakleyites" we looked for another study of high society life, Mr. Benson having used us to that *milieu* in most of his former novels. But in this instance he has gone into the provinces for his material, and found it in a little town near the south-east coast, where lives a community of leisured but not too wealthy or aristocratic people, in whose delightful foibles everyone must rejoice exceedingly, even as the author himself undoubtedly does. That is the secret of the book's appeal. You cannot but share the author's enjoyment. You cannot but revel with him in the humours of his characters. And they are quite triumphs of authentic portrayal. You feel that you know most of them, not very intimately, perhaps—that might be uncomfortable—but as you know the people next door. But one of them you do know intimately—the gentlewoman of starved instincts who sights love from afar in middle life only to find shipwreck within hail of that blessed anchorage. Mr. Benson reveals powers of tenderness, allied with a deep sympathetic instinct, in his depiction of Miss Dorothy Jackson that are worthy of all praise. One may feel inclined to quarrel a little with the rather gratuitously unhappy ending of this idyl, and one would wish that the style of the book were a little less slovenly in places; but that is all the fault that even the most exigent of critics could possibly find in a novel that cannot otherwise fail to enhance Mr. Benson's reputation.

And that last fault in "The Oakleyites" has its converse in "Change." "Change" is a remarkable novel; in many respects a very fine novel indeed. No one with any feeling for literature but must appreciate its sincere artistry and the meticulous pains that have gone to its making. As an acute and profound study of certain more or less familiar modern types, it deserves to rank with some of our best masterpieces in that genre. Miss Willcocks displays the elements of greatness in the sureness of her touch, the keenness of her observation, and the splendid irony of her humour. Only one thing would seem to stand in the way of her consummate achievement, and that is a sort of self-consciousness almost painfully manifest throughout in the style and tone of her work. She is too morbidly careful never to be obvious or banal. She is too much afraid of letting herself go. She could do with a little, a very little, of Mr. Benson's occasional slovenliness, now and then. That, at any rate, is the frankly deliberate opinion of one at least of her readers who has nevertheless read her latest novel not only with extreme pleasure, but with the deepest respect for the talents of its author. Miss Willcocks is also a very considerable person indeed.

"Dark Rosaleen" stands last on this list not because it is the least of these novels, but because it is so different from them. They have each to do with the sort of life and the sort of people that impinge upon the daily affairs of the average home-keeping citizen. "Dark Rosaleen" takes us to a wild part of western Ireland which seems as far removed from our more humdrum surroundings as the hinterlands of Africa. It introduces us to a people whose habits and thoughts and passions seem as strange to us as those of some altogether alien race. No doubt but

* "The Mountains of the Moon." By J. D. Beresford. 6s. (Cassell.)—"The Oakleyites." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Change." By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (Hutchinson).—"Dark Rosaleen." By M. E. Francis. 6s. (Cassell.)

they are as human as ourselves, with like motives and emotions; it is in their self-expression that their unlikeness lies. They are a more primitive people. They live nearer to nature, and yet at the same time nearer to the supernatural. Religion is to them the one binding clause in all their dealings with their fellow-creatures. From the first page of this book to the last this shadow of things beyond human ken, this blind acceptance of powers that it would be almost an impiety in mere mortals even to try to understand, colours and distorts the minds of all the chief protagonists in this rather terrible and discomfiting story. One has that feeling of inevitableness which is of the essence of Greek tragedy. Things are so because they must be so. One does now and then dare to hope for a possible way of escape from this pitilessness of Fate, but it is always a forlorn hope. That is at once the weakness and the strength of the book: it holds us wriggling. We cannot free ourselves from its spell, though all the while we struggle against it. Which is to say that our author has indeed the root of the matter in her. She has that supreme gift which makes us forget that we are reading mere words and not actually witnessing a living pageant. "Dark Rosaleen" is not a book to while away an idle hour, but it is emphatically a book that should be read and pondered by all who appreciate good writing and would also enlarge their understanding.

Edwin Pugh.

"B. P.'S" INDIAN MEMORIES.*

The illustrations of themselves would sufficiently recommend "B.P.'s" book of "Indian Memories," so full are they of humour and character and movement. Such an eye for Eastern colour does he show in the two dozen coloured plates which we owe to his versatility. And yet, after picturing for us a sunset impression of Kashmir or the ruins of Pandritan, he tells us he cannot manage landscapes. But then if we are to rely on his modesty we should accept his word that the boyish diaries and letters on which his recollections are founded show him to have been in his early days "just the ordinary young ass who enjoyed senseless ragging, was fond of dogs and horses, and thought very little as he went through the ordinary every-day experiences of a subaltern in India." Whereas we have only to read a few chapters to discover that this description is little short of a libel, unless to be a "young ass" is to have a share of fun and unfailing high spirits and a zest for adventure, and unless "ordinary" is the right word to describe a life abounding in interest and variety. His mother knew what she was doing when she preserved the breezy correspondence he sent home, and, thanks to her affectionate solicitation, Sir Robert Baden-Powell has been able to put together stories of sport and soldiering and of persons of note which will provide his many admirers with hours of delightful entertainment.

"B. P." seems to have had a knack of running across celebrities even in the far-off times when the "boy scout" movement was a dream of the future, and the defender of Mafeking was keener on raiding his fellow-subaltern's larder or driving a troop train at seventy miles an hour over dizzy bridges, than busying himself with the art of war. Early in his career he found himself by the side of Lord Roberts at a ball at Simla, where he was trying to get an ice at the buffet and could not make himself understood to the native waiter till the stranger gave the order in Hindustani and kindly advised him: "Young fellow, you will make your life happier here if you learn a bit of the language." At Simla, too, he saw Sir George White under curious circumstances. The famous field-marshal had a mania for taking exercise, and unconventional methods of gratifying his passion. One day, outside a tunnel which serves part of the roadway, the rickshaws of the rank and fashion of the place were held up because the "Lord Sahib" was reported to be coming through. Everybody expected a glittering military procession. Instead, there issued from the tunnel "a single solitary figure, a tall thin man in a singlet and flannels, running in more senses than one, and not a little startled to find himself in the presence of Simla's society, collected as if to receive him."

Apropos of polo, another famous man makes his appearance in these pages. A tournament had been taking place, and, at the dinner in celebration, there had been the customary routine of toasts and speeches, and everybody was very tired of laudations of the game, when up sprang Mr. Winston Churchill, a member of one of the teams, and began: "Now, gentlemen, you would probably like to hear me address you on the subject of polo." Naturally there were cries of "No, we don't," "Sit down." But, even then, Mr. Churchill had a genial disregard for objections, and before long had so charmed his audience by his oratory that when he ended they all stood up and cheered. But then some one said:

"'Well that is enough of Winston for this evening,' and the orator was taken in hand by some lusty subalterns and placed underneath an overturned sofa upon which two of the heaviest were then seated, with orders not to allow him out for the rest of the evening. But very soon afterwards he popped up serenely from beneath the angle of the arm of the sofa, explaining: 'It is no use sitting on me, for I'm india-rubber.'"

Perhaps a few chance-made extracts will give as good an idea as any method but that of wholesale quotation could of the range of the author's experiences and reflections. In connection with sport, he says, "I never could bring myself to shoot an elephant," and again, "The wild boar is without doubt the king of the jungle." Noting the prevalence of enteric and ennui among our Indian army, he remarks, "There is no doubt that the best preventative of disease in India is plenty of work, occupation and exercise." Here is a tip for boy scouts who smoke: "From American scouts I learnt how helpful it was to be able to smell the whereabouts of the enemy's outposts. These scouts did not smoke because they held that such practice

* "Indian Memories." By Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Sir R. Baden-Powell.

is apt to deaden the sense of smell. I therefore gave up smoking." "What is the best sensation you have enjoyed?" Sir Robert has been asked. His answer is, "When leading a well-trained brigade of cavalry at a gallop," or "When I suddenly meet with some old friend." You take your choice.

F. G.-B.

AN IMPRESSIONIST ON THE WAR.*

There was a gentleman much respected by Dr. Johnson who could not be a philosopher because, as he said, cheerfulness was always breaking in. Mr. Hueffer finds it as hard to be controversial because his temperament is always breaking out. He has too many things to communicate to spend time in answering others.

Here, he comically gives up the struggle. As he admits, the "constructive" portion of his book has overshadowed the controversial. For "constructive" read "impressionist," and you have the case exactly. He adds, "I am sorry," but the reader will be glad, and will regard with amused interest the marks, nay, the positive debris, of Mr. Hueffer's struggle with himself—the more so as the man of letters and imagination stands triumphant over the prostrate form of the argumentative gladiator.

Thus the very part of his book which Mr. Hueffer calls its "real crux" is interned in a thorny appendix, and is nothing more or less than an anthology of one hundred German utterances in favour of war in general, or of war against England in particular. But we have had many such samples, and there is no special virtue in one hundred. For most Englishmen the utterances of the Kaiser in recent years have been enough, and rightly so, since they could not have been uttered at all if they had not represented German feeling.

As for Mr. Hueffer's hip-and-thigh work among the pacificists and others, in his first chapter, its fate is similar. He will not long tolerate interruptions from himself, and therefore banishes his detailed reply to Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Common Sense about the War," to his appendices. Again he is right, if a little comic. But an even subtler unconscious humour informs his general attitudes. He cries out against rumour, gossip, fancy portraiture, "intellectual fictionism," and what not, in our discussions of the war, and demands the methods of the historian. He insists on rigid documentation, "ground facts," or *Quellen*, as the Germans call them. But apart from the circumstances that the ground facts are not yet available, and that it is far too early to see them in historical perspective, Mr. Hueffer himself has very little use for these *Quellen*, except to make a phantom birch with them to tickle the backs of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Brailsford, Mr. Ponsonby, and the Hon. Bertrand Russell, before passing on to talk at large in the way we prefer him to talk. On one of the few occasions when he really ought to produce a few *Quellen*, he writes a candid footnote to say that he hasn't any, and that the reader need only believe that he himself is convinced. And the reader—this is the point—is quite content, having long perceived that he is not going to study the war through a hedge of *Quellen*, but through Mr. Hueffer's clearly-portrayed temperament, his emotions, his habits of mind, and even his personal history.

This, of course, is an unusual medium, and in most cases it would not be acceptable. Mr. Hueffer makes it so entirely. His intense interest in his own mind as the scene of large impacts, his quick insights and apt memories, his unscrupulous digressions, his mislaid plums of literary criticism, his reminiscences of Piggy Pearson, or of the man who went mad at the timber-auction, or of the peculiar quality of the mistral wind—his abounding matter and phosphorescent egotisms—these, and not his *Quellen* or his querulousness, keep the reader's eye on the page and titillate his literary olfactories.

* "Between St. Denis and St. George: A Sketch of Three Civilizations." By Ford Madox Hueffer. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is this Ruskinian *play* that makes such a book delightful to read and difficult to describe. And really how like Ruskin is such a passage as this: "The most sinister manifestation of German national psychology"—the reader has got that into his head?—then let us set out the utterance nobly:

"The most sinister manifestation of German national psychology that I ever came across during my residence in or visits to the German Empire always struck me as being the fact that what in England we should call an Italian warehouseman is in Germany styled a Kolonialwarenhändler."

The point is that by this word the good German was led to believe that by buying at these stores he was aiding in the commerce of a vast overseas colonial trade, and that that vast overseas colonial trade already existed. This, to be sure, is thin, but it illustrates the inveterate waywardness of Mr. Hueffer's writing, and to show that I do not quote it to expose its thinness I will put beside it another and much finer passage, which also depends on the sense of words. In the chapter entitled "The Seventh of May," we have this paragraph in allusion to the sinking of the *Lusitania*:

"Commerce upon land is only commerce; commerce upon the sea is commerce plus a very beautiful chivalry and a very real braveness—or so it was until May 7th. And this commerce of the great waters has reflected a certain mercy and decency even upon terrestrial commerce. You, being a city merchant, will ask me how you have benefitted by this high tradition of the sea. I will answer: 'Did you ever know a man engaged in commerce, who, being in some straits to tide over a difficult period, was not saved because one of his creditors or several of his creditors said, "We do not wish to overburden a sinking ship"—or, if you like, "to throw stones at a drowning man"?' If those similes taken from the traffic of the deep water, had not been universally in our minds, many of us who are now prosperous citizens would be broken creatures upon the workhouse bench, and many of us who still walk the earth would have sought refuge beneath the waters. I have stuck to several friends because I did not like the idea of being the rat that deserted the sinking ship. These statements are not merely fanciful, simply because these images are for ever present in our minds. From the sea, as from a well, we draw an infinite supply of examples and of similes enjoining pity, rectitude, order, and Christian kindness. For who of us could get through life without the help of some of its images; who of us at given junctures could have got along much further without the hope that at last the Lord should bring us into the haven that we had desired? It is because of this that May 7th, 1915, is a very bad date for humanity."

That is the English sea ideal nobly expressed. It is only one of many fine passages, the best of which—had I space for them—I should find for you in Mr. Hueffer's splendid tribute to the genius of France, and the world's and our need of it, in his final chapter, "Félicité." As it is, I quote this sentence for its large truth: "It is only France that, since France was France, has always been the second home for every man not a Frenchman."

WILFRED WHITTEN.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.*

Whatever may be their future, the Japanese have had an experience unknown except to Struldberg, that creature of fancy. Had an Englishman lived in the reigns of Edward IV. and Edward VII. he would have seen changes no less remarkable than those witnessed by Count Hayashi. When the writer of these memoirs was born, Japan was a feudal state. The Samurai wielded their curious swords; their retainers, like those of Warwick, were trained to the spear and bow: the rigid divisions of artisans, farmers and merchants kept their place above a class whose members were not reckoned as human beings. The lower orders prostrated themselves before their betters, they were forbidden to ride on horseback, their life was regulated by sumptuary laws, and they were punished with unspeakable tortures. Out of such surroundings stepped Hayashi, to acquaint himself with the western world, and to study the arts of our diplomacy. He left Japan five years after the Powers had imposed upon her their

* The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, G.C.V.O. Edited by A. M. Pooley. (Eveleigh Nash.)

desire to trade. In 1867, with a band of fellow students, he entered University College School, and acquired an excellent knowledge of our language and customs. Thence he went to Paris, and returned home in time to take part in the revolution which ended feudalism, and seated the Mikado firmly upon the throne. He was interpreter to the mission sent to the Powers, and entered the diplomatic service; in 1891 he became Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs; he passed some years as envoy in Pekin and Petrograd, and in 1900 arrived in London to build up his cherished scheme of an Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Six years later he was made Foreign Minister at Tokio, but offended the military class; though he again held office, he never wholly recovered his power, and died, in 1913, somewhat disappointed. His "boldness, fortitude, chivalry, hospitality, and culture" are summed up in a single Japanese word, *Edokko*; he was a patron of art and music, a warrior and a sportsman.

His country, under western guidance, developed that artificial civilisation which we now accept without a thought; the Japanese army was trained and equipped by France, her navy was built in England, and instructed by our officers. Students studied science in Germany, commerce in the United States. They emulated "the barbarians," and between 1894 and 1899 made treaties with the Powers. But their great achievement, measured by modern standards, was their insistence on a "place in the sun." Much was due to Hayashi: "Japanese foreign policy, as he enunciated it," says Mr. Pooley, "lay in simultaneous political and commercial penetration." Like Bismarck, he was an expert in using the Press to further his ends, and like the Germans, he believed in subsidies to financiers, shippers, and traders. Such were the methods of "peaceful penetration," and a whimsical look comes into the eyes of the Japanese when they consider to what lengths it may lead them. By a series of agreements they have obtained their own sphere of "legitimate aspiration," which in Hayashi's view was Korea, the gate to the continent. There he wanted a free hand; in order to obtain it without disturbance he worked towards the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

Our friendly attitude lightened his labours. In 1895, after her victory over China, Japan obtained Port Arthur, but was compelled through German influence to restore the place, and to see it leased to Russia. The Kaiser was already talking of a powerful Fleet, and declaiming against the "yellow peril." The German Press even then feared that Japan would seek her revenge, and Mr. Pooley hopes that the writers are still alive to see the correctness of their deductions. England, by refusing an invitation to intervene, laid the foundation for the engagement framed in 1902. Its beginnings are traced in the memoirs; the sympathy with which Chamberlain received the idea, and the check to a rival understanding between England and Russia, which Mr. Pooley attributes to Japanese influence. Then comes the suggestion by Germany of a triple alliance with England and Japan. Though this was denied in Berlin Mr. Pooley avers that the statement is correct, and that German ambition was "clipped and German opposition to England developed by the manner of her treatment in the East of Asia." Lord Lansdowne, who made the alliance, viewed it as a guarantee for the peace of the Orient, and considered that it might conceivably include other nations, and Hayashi affirms that had Germany wanted to join, she would have been admitted. There is much in the discussions which redounds to the credit of our diplomacy. The modification of clauses in order to make the treaty acceptable to other nations and to Parliament, the clear statement of our commitments to Japan, and the publication of the whole agreement were steps in the right direction, for the stupendous consequences of diplomatic misunderstandings are only too patent.

The protest against the publication of these memoirs was needless; they had leaked out in an incomplete form, and the book contains little which the student of diplomacy had not already inferred. A second reading, however, reveals many points of interest, and makes one impatient with the somewhat hasty preparation, and the want of an index. As a picture of diplomacy the book is good, though there are many omissions; the memoirs are themselves fragmentary, and nothing is said of the United States, or of Australia and the problem of the Pacific. But the historian cannot neglect it, the politician should not, and the general reader will gain from Hayashi a better understanding of the aims of a nation which is steadily feeling her way towards an amazing future. He will come to the conclusion that the Japanese know what they want, and that they know how to get it. The alliance has already borne fruit, but Hayashi regarded its continuance as out of the question if Japan should adopt a policy of wanton aggression. Mr. Pooley thinks we have still a part to play, and hopes that the memoirs will open the eyes of the public "to the futility of a foreign policy which looks only to immediate gain and recklessly disregards the future." Diplomacy is on its trial; if it gains in frankness, and abandons all unnecessary secrecy, if it realises how deeply the people of every rank and in every country are affected by its decisions, the present struggle may at least count some permanent gain.

F. R. Harris.

THE TRAGEDY OF LOVE.*

Despite certain touches of comedy in the course of this story of much love-making, it is the tragedy of love that is accentuated throughout, tragedy no part of which can be said to be forced or unnatural, but which at least may be said to exceed the bounds of probability in that it is for the most part centred in one family. If, however, Mrs. Dudeney has brought so much experience to Nancy and Nancy's son, she has at least succeeded in doing so without the slightest hint at extravagance or sensationalism in the telling of the story, which is a very masterpiece of skilful arrangement and characterisation. The story is that of a weak man's passion, and of all which followed upon his weak way of seeking to avoid the result of his philandering. Morris Chinnery, a wealthy Sussex landowner, is a young man who has conceived a passion for a magnificent young woman in his mother's employ, and, though he talks glibly of marriage, he has not the strength of character to defy convention, and so makes a compact with an ambitious young workman which results in the banns of marriage between that workman and Nancy Pinzoun being published without the girl's knowledge! The three concerned are all present in the church, and it is with that dramatic episode the story opens. How will the girl in the case behave in such a situation is a question that at once arises, and the question is duly answered, with results that echo during the forty years which elapse before we reach the end of the story, and the final dramatic episode in a tense and deeply interesting romance. Nancy, the central figure, the mother of the "secret son," who by the irony of things is given his actual father's Christian name, though he bears the surname of his putative parent, is a wonderful figure; presented with extraordinary faithfulness, she stands as a magnificent type of self-reliant, indomitable womanhood, a striking contrast to the weak irresolute man who was ever drawn by her vigorous personality, but who could never induce her to review the past. "The sin that ye do by two and two ye must pay for one by one," and Chinnery, mated to a weak-minded woman of greater wealth than his own, comes to regard the farm, in which the mother of his secret son lives, as more of a "home" than the stately Hall to which he belongs by birth, and that though he gets no more than a few words weekly with the woman whose rustic strength dominates him. When Nancy, in her time of deepest stress, wishes that she may see a man suffer as she has been made to suffer, she little thinks that it is on her own son's head that the curse is to be worked out, as it is in

* "The Secret Son." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Methuen.)

remorseless fashion. The close, where that son learns of his wife's infidelity and of his own origin, is too poignant, though we are left to believe that the paternal strain of weakness in the young man's character will lead to his taking the line of least resistance—" them women must settle things for theirselves." It is a powerful and absorbing book that Mrs. Dudeney has here given us, one that, apart from the clever studies of the chief characters, has some remarkably fine work in the delineation of many minor persons of the drama—such figures as the mother of Nancy and old Mrs. Chant are perfect of their kind.

WATLER JERROLD.

A VOICE FROM SIBERIA.*

This intrepid, enduring young woman tells us that she was born in 1885 of peasant parents in a hut in the village of Borovoi-Mlin. Reared in poverty, she was illiterate until the age of thirteen. In her eleventh year she got a place in a grocery store, and, on being discharged from this, was apprenticed to a tailor. The working classes were organising " secret educational circles," and to one of these Marie Sukloff was admitted. A rabbi's daughter, interested in the propaganda, took notice of the young apprentice, who now began to study with avidity. Advancing rapidly, she was presently told off to promote a strike of the stocking-weavers; and we may now regard her as a revolutionist, though she was still far from terrorism. Few among the early nihilists approved of what was later called the " organisation of combat."

In this atmosphere of conspiracy, so swift was the blossoming of her genius, that the girl who at thirteen had scarcely known her letters was very soon in charge of one of the little revolutionary printing presses. This was in the town of Kishinev, and here it was that Marie Sukloff first fell to the police. Her poor lodging was one night raided by them, and in a pocket of her dress they discovered some metal type. She lay many months in prison, and then came two friendly lawyers who were willing to risk her defence. They were quite merry at the sight of a client—a plotter against the peace of his Imperial Majesty—not much above sixteen years of age, a pretty and engaging child; but there was little fun in the sequel. The judges condemned their prisoner " to be deprived of all rights and exiled to Eastern Siberia for life."

Of the pains of transportation to Siberia we have none too many authentic records, and the narrative of a woman in this dreadful situation is rare in the extreme. The simple pages, with never a touch of rhetoric, in which Marie Sukloff describes the progress of her party of convicts from Odessa prison to the frozen depths of Asiatic Russia—herded in filthy trains, cold and hungry in verminous wayside prisons, driven on foot through the blizzard—carry the reader out of himself, numbing and enthralling him. The whole story has the Russian touch.

On the final stage of the journey the young convict was separated from her companions and carried alone to the hamlet of Aleksandrovskoye. The peasant women of the place gathered round her. " Poor girl, poor girl! " said they. " Your parents must have shed bitter tears when you were taken from them in such tender years." When they found that she could read, the people brought letters from their soldier-men in Manchuria, and begged her to write for them. In this hamlet were no prison walls; but, says Marie Sukloff, " the purposeless life in a remote Siberian village seemed to me worse than a prison." Soon she began to whisper to herself: " You must escape, you must escape from here." No woman, I believe, had ever escaped from Siberia.

She obtained permission to go for a few days to the town of Kansk. At Kansk she was told: " There are only six politicals here, and they are all starving." From Kansk she made her way to Irkutsk, and here an old revolutionist furnished her with a hundred roubles and a passport, in which she was described as a merchant's daughter. With these treasures the exile returned to Aleksandrovskoye, as she had promised to do.

In the neighbouring village of Ribinskoye were the Orloffs, prisoners like herself for life, with whom she had made most of the journey from Odessa. The Orloffs also were pining for freedom, but did not know what to do with their little son. Said Marie:

" Listen. I will take your child with me, and you will escape later. The police will look for me *alone*, and for you *with a child*, and this change of parts will save us all."

In a few hours the affair was settled. Marie was to take the little Orloff to his grandparents at Vilna; and the next night she started with him. The hunt, of course, was soon afoot; but, with her tiny companion beside her, the fugitive sped onward unsuspected. A flight through the forest brought them to Krasnoyarsk, and from this point it was necessary to take train to Vilna. The child again proved the best protection. " The spies who swarmed at every big station did not pay the least attention to me." The blessing was in due time deposited with his grandparents; and the young nihilist whose safety he had ensured, after a hurried visit to father and mother, resumed her travels, and arrived in Switzerland.

At Geneva were living the leaders of the Russian " fighting league "; and to them Marie Sukloff, now a resolved terrorist, betook herself. She left Geneva with a mission to assassinate General Trepov. This gentleman was inaccessible (if memory serves me, he was afterwards shot by Vera Sassulitch); and next on the black list of the league stood General Kleigels. This second mission also failed. Kleigels, doubtless warned, always drove abroad with his wife and son; and " it was no part of our policy to shed the innocent blood of women and children." Victims, however, were seldom to seek; and the league now devoted to death Governor Khvostoff, a famous satrap of Tchernigoff.

" I treasured," says Marie Sukloff, " the names of those who had been shot or flogged to death by him. I read and re-read for the thousandth time the simple narratives of the peasants about his terrible crimes, and my heart bled for them. Hopefully I looked in the direction of the shelf on which the bomb lay."

Bomb in hand, one snowy New Year's afternoon, she awaited Khvostoff on a bridge—as Sophy Perovskaya had tarried for a quarry more august. When the governor's carriage drew level with her, she flung the missile through the window—and was herself nearly flung into eternity by the explosion. A youth of eighteen found her lying in the snow in the dark, with blood frozen on her hands and face, and attempted a rescue in a sleigh. All night he drove her aimlessly at full speed, and in the morning the sleigh was stopped by soldiers and police.

The chief prisoner had no thought of denying her crime, but neither her captors nor her judges knew who she was; and at the close of her trial at midnight the award of the court was: " ' Unknown ' is sentenced to death by hanging." She tells us how she lay six days in her cell " in a state of exaltation," and every evening " I again prepared for death, and waited." On the seventh day the sentence of the judges was commuted; and once again (and again " for life ") Marie Sukloff set forth for Siberia.

One drab twelvemonth succeeds to another; and in the summer of 1910 we see Marie Sukloff in a cell of Irkutsk prison, waiting for a surgical operation at the hands of a drunken prison doctor. Weak from this, she arose from her mattress with a new plan of escape. Beyond the gates of this gaol " there were neither the black forests of Akatui nor the bare mountains of Maltzev." She had procured a boy's costume, and secreted it beneath her pillow; and in this, her convict's cloak concealing it, Miss Marie made a dash through the prison gate, braving the bullets of guards within and without, and leaped into the carriage held in readiness by friends at a corner of the street.

* " The Life Story of a Russian Exile." By Marie Sukloff. Translated by Gregory Yarros. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

She had made her second bid for liberty, and it must suffice me to say that she completed it. Has any other prisoner of her sex escaped from Siberia? Has any other prisoner of either sex escaped twice? It is a feat amid feats of the very rarest. The adventures that follow are the best in the book; with the heroine's disguises as parlour-maid, sister of mercy, and bride on a honeymoon to China; but farther than this hint I shall not spoil the reader's pleasure of discovery in these extraordinary pages.

TIGHE HOPKINS.

Novel Notes.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN. By Gene Stratton Porter. 6s. (John Murray.)

In her latest book Mrs. Stratton Porter tells us a charmingly human story of two slum children. Mickey, an American newsboy, finds and adopts a little girl for whom he cares with all a mother's thought. In consequence "his family," Lily Peaches, loves him devotedly, and yet is by no means too angelic, for she possesses traits of quite refreshingly human wickedness. The story tells of Mickey's struggles to support them both, and to keep "square." At the end of the book we leave Mickey and Lily in good hands away from the heat and rush of the town, with kind friends in the country to whom they teach the value of a smile, and from whom they learn that a cow, though forbidding in size does not as a rule eat children. Someone, who did not know better, seems to have told Mrs. Stratton Porter that her books contained too much bird lore, and too many little children. To remedy this imaginary defect she has, in "Michael O'Halloran," introduced an underplot—a tale of society, which runs concurrently with that of Mickey and Lily; and these chapters are not equal to the rest of the book. In descriptions of nature, particularly of bird and flower life, we do not know anyone who excels this popular authoress; and when she writes of children, it is evident that she knows and appreciates them with a love which understands.

BEACON FIRES. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Gerard is at his best in his historical novels, and "Beacon Fires" is undoubtedly one of the finest romances he has written. A story of the great Armada, it bristles with thrilling incidents, and tells of stirring events and gallant deeds of the days of Queen Elizabeth. The heroine, Bess of the Beacon, is a girl of wonderful courage which, with her amazing intuition, is the means of tracking down and frustrating the plans of men who are plotting against England's safety. A romance of war, it is yet a story to divert its readers from present-day sufferings, to thrill them with excitement and hold them enthralled till the plot is worked out at last and the adventures ended. Mr. Gerard may always be relied upon to tell a good tale, and in this vigorous, picturesque tale of Devon his characters are cleverly drawn, and he has caught the atmosphere of the county and period of which he writes with an accuracy that gives a prevailing sense of realism to an exceedingly charming and engrossing novel.

THE GREAT UNREST. By F. E. Mills Young. 6s. (John Lane.)

The hero of this story is what the author terms "a young rip," Draycott Arthur Manners by name; and his father "being a man of queer impulses and many follies, was of the opinion that the initials D.A.M. would be agreeable for a young man to sign"—Dam he signs himself, and Dam he is called from our first acquaintance with him to the end of the tale. It is a story of the vigorous, racy type, told in a manner well suited to the plot. As a character study Dam is an interesting piece of work, but as a hero he is not quite a success: being a rip he naturally does and says things that are in accordance with this

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description of him, and which unfortunately, fail to always win our sympathy. The types of women introduced into the story are many and varied, and all of them well portrayed (Patricia especially). From England, where we get the scenes of Dam's childhood and youth, the scene moves to South Africa, where he arrives in time to take part in the Labour troubles which reached a crisis in that country a short time back. Dam has Socialistic tendencies, and writes for a Socialist paper in Johannesburg, where he is looked upon as a fire-brand, yet a very delightful young man with charming manners. He is, however, more or less of a drifter, without a settled career until he returns to England again, in July, 1914 (a fortnight before the great war starts). After this, his career is definitely decided, of course ; and we are given a glimpse of him in the trenches writing home to his young wife in Devonshire. The end of the story is curiously unsatisfactory, though the book as a whole is virile and decidedly interesting.

AFTERWARDS. By Kathlyn Rhodes. 6s. (Hutchinson).

" The deed itself may be the work of a moment : but there is always the long, long *afterwards* with which to reckon." In the case of Dr. Anstice, one cannot help feeling that the " long, long afterwards," as embodied in the actions of Bruce Cheniston, was more than a little unreasonable. True, Dr. Anstice caused the death of Bruce's fiancée, but he shot the girl at her own request and in order to save her from a fate worse than death (the penalty they had both incurred for inadvertently profaning an Indian temple). The real tragedy was that the rescuing party should have arrived only in time to save Anstice. Bruce, however, cannot forgive Anstice the deed : he even hints that suicide is the only honourable way out for Anstice, and finally takes a mean revenge by marrying and carrying off the girl who, if true love had prospered, bade fair to be the doctor's bride. Thus each man robs the other of the woman he loves best. In Egypt, where the story reaches a thrilling climax, the much wronged Anstice comes into his own after a valiant fight. Many interesting people walk and talk and scheme and dream in the pages of this attractive novel. In particular, the mystery of Cherry Orchard—a mystery of anonymous letters and false charges which is cleverly blended with the main love story—gives the author an excellent opening for strong and sympathetic characterisation.

THE RECORD OF RICHARD FREYDON : AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. 6s. (Constable.)

Not often does one come across a book which is equally pleasing to the literary man and to the ordinary reader. A rare combination of merit is required to throw the net of charm wide enough to catch and hold the attention of these two types. The outstanding quality in such a book is always its humanity, and that quality is to be found in full measure in " The Record of Richard Freydon." The anonymous author is palpably an experienced man of letters who has met life in ungloved combat and its hostile and friendly aspects with equal courage and equanimity. He has a right sense of the values of life, and emphasises its homespun verities, rather than the advantages of mere riches. Richard Freydon's experiences in London's underworld, as a writer for the Press, and as a thinker, are told plainly and convincingly. The book grips, and when you close it, you feel you have said good-bye to a friend. There is much incident and description of life and nature in Australia and at home, and the fight Richard Freydon put up to the right of possessing himself, strikes notes in sympathy with the courageous daring of the day. Readers who know anything of the development of the Press will be particularly interested in an account of journalism at the cross roads before the introduction of American methods. Whether what we call fiction or fact, " The Record of Richard Freydon " belongs to literature.

CAPTAIN THE CURÉ. By Margaret Baillie-Saunders. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is, of course, inevitable that gallant little Belgium should become the setting of many a story, good, bad, and indifferent, that is told about those terrible early days of the War. In the front rank of good stories, Mrs. Baillie-Saunders' latest novel, " Captain the Curé," should certainly find a place. It is a strong, dramatic, and finished piece of work, revealing its author's master-touch in dealing with matters so fresh in our minds as the burning of Louvain, and in making us *understand* each of the characters she brings before our notice. The story tells how the Curé van Susterans renounces his priesthood and his God at the terrible sights he sees at Louvain, and becomes a soldier, fighting like a man possessed for the honour of Belgium : how he comes at length to a deeper and wider understanding of God, and justice, and martyrdom, and finally re-enters his church is told in a vivid and powerful manner. His career, and that of the pretty elf-like daughter of a doctor of Louvain, form the main interest of the tale ; though we must not forget the faithful Jadoc Vintmeyer, who wins our sympathy throughout. The German Army would not be flattered at Mrs. Baillie-Saunders' description of it as it entered Louvain—a vivid word-picture, and one that the reader is likely to remember.

A RISKY GAME. By Harold Bindloss. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

" One expects to find adventures on the seas that Drake and Frobisher sailed," says James Grahame early in this story, and that his expectations are not disappointed the subsequent pages abundantly testify. Grahame, a wandering Scot, Walthew, the son of a successful American, who prefers to go a-wandering rather than enter his father's business, and Macallister, the engineer, are three seekers after fortune who, with their small vessel, the *Enchantress*, take part in the profitable but risky enterprise of conveying rifles to one of the disturbed South American states. It so happens that the patriots for whom they are working are " agin the Government," while those in power are negotiating with an American, one Cliffe, for the sale of valuable concessions. Cliffe is accompanied by his daughter Evelyn, and the patriot leader, Dr. Sarmiento, has a daughter Yñez, so that something of love romance is soon seen to intermingle with the romance of adventurous action. Mr. Bindloss is an accomplished master in the art of narrative of the kind which combines the attractions of the novel with those of the boy's adventure story, and with " A Risky Game " will win fresh gratitude from the many readers whom he has already won.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LIFE ROMANCE OF LLOYD GEORGE. By Beriah Evans. With Introduction by Charles Sarolea. 2s. net. (London : *Everyman* Office.)

This is a very opportune and admirably written biography of the most brilliant and popular statesman of the day. Mr. Evans writes from an inside knowledge of his sitter, and, as Dr. Sarolea says in his Introduction, " has given us a lifelike portrait of a most complex and a most perplexing personality, and his study is equally characteristic of the judicial detachment of the critic, and of the sympathy and insight of one intimately acquainted with the subject." There is much that is suggestive, much that is illuminating in the chapter which tells of the influences and inspirations of Mr. Lloyd George's boyhood and youth, and the effect of these is traced all through the record of his great and strenuous career. The closing chapter dealing with " Mr. Lloyd George's Future," is one of the most interesting in the book. There is a note of warning here and there, a hint of admonition, for Mr. Evans writes with the unhesitating frankness of a friend who has no fear that his candour will be misunderstood. He is no blind eulogist ; he is aware of spots on the sun ; but his reasoned admiration for the genius, the courage and passionate sincerity, the consummate ability and intense democratic spirit of his subject is a finer tribute than any indiscriminate adulation can ever be. It is

a wonderfully revelating study of the man and the statesman—perhaps the most searching and authoritative study we have yet had of him. The volume is illustrated with sixteen caricatures and portraits of Mr. Lloyd George and the members of his family.

TOWARDS INTERNATIONAL GOVERNMENT. By J. A. Hobson. 2s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

There is scarcely a sane man in the civilised world to-day who has not asked himself time and again what the outcome of the present war will be with regard to future international rivalries, jealousies and difficulties of all kinds. Are we to continue to pile up armaments and pursue the same old giddy and senseless round of diplomatic humbug between national representatives when we have succeeded in beating Germany and bringing Europe back to the ordered ways of peace; or are we to strive for the creation of some form of international tribunal which will insist upon justice being done whenever the interests of one nation clash, or seem to clash, with those of another? Obviously, as everyone who has realised the full horror of the present war must admit, the latter course would be the more sane and civilised. And such is Mr. Hobson's contention. He demands a League of Nations which will realise, in Mr. Asquith's words, the idea of "Public right, the substitution for force, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal rights and established and enforced by the common will." The difficulties in the way of such a grouping are, of course, stupendous. The possibility of even a most satisfactory peace—which must include the breaking of German militarism—will leave a legacy of bitterness and possibly hate which it will take years to live down. Then, when some common agreement, upon which the common will is to be exercised, has been arrived at, international force must again be mobilised to enforce the common decisions upon any recalcitrant individual state. Thus we must have a general reduction of armaments and at the same time the formation of one international army, and here will arise one of the first difficulties. "There would be," admits Mr. Hobson, "a positive incentive to an aggressive or revengeful Power either to stay outside, or, entering in, to violate secretly its obligations." Such difficulties can be overcome, and at some time, early or late, they must be overcome; and this book suggests the various methods that may be employed. It also discusses exhaustively questions of conciliation and arbitration; economic questions relating to international affairs; problems of nationality, democracy and internationalism, and, indeed, every phase of the subject with which it deals. Now or in the future it must have serious consideration by all interested in the welfare of nations; and now would be much better than later.

OLD CALABRIA. By Norman Douglas. 15s net. (Martin Secker.)

If indeed, as the French tell us, an appetite comes in eating, it may very well come as we read the various books of Mr. Douglas. We began with no enormous appetite, because he used to be more than a trifle stodgy—he was too allusive and too artificial. But the fare he offers you to-day is so much more digestible, in every way, so much more fascinating that our appetite is growing very keen. His learned allusiveness he now keeps very well under control, making it appear as natural to him as is to Mr. Doughty his own extraordinary style; and the result is that one can really, what with one thing and another, talk of Mr. Doughty and Mr. Douglas in the same breath. Neither of them will ever write an "Eothen," and they will not be admitted to the heart of an enormous public; but to those of literary tastes, who, after all, do not form a majority of the population, these two rather wayward writers of travel books will make an enduring appeal. Mr. Douglas does not twist the language, but neither is he as sublime as Mr. Doughty. He has what may be called a grave sense of humour, but he frequently condescends to the humour of everyman, for instance, in relating that episode

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when his drunken driver, before starting on the return journey down a steep road, assures him that, at any rate, the horse is sober. Perhaps Mr. Douglas is too much the slave of old books, pamphlets and MSS. He quotes them with relish, and often with a reverence they do not deserve. On the other hand one cannot but marvel at his erudition; surely he has gazed at everything that ever was written in any language about Calabria. He is by no means an indiscriminate admirer of the province; he makes few efforts to lure us thither. We would, we vow, much sooner visit these uncomfortable places in his book than in the flesh.

THE ADMIRABLE PAINTER. By A. J. Anderson. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Those who liked such conjectural reconstructions of the lives of great artists as "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi" or "The Romance of Sandro Botticelli" will enjoy the latest experiment which their author, Mr. A. J. Anderson, has made in this direction, a study of Leonardo da Vinci to which he gives the title of "The Admirable Painter." To be frank, such novelistic treatment of a famous painter's life and work is altogether out of place in the case of a supreme artist like Leonardo. Mr. Anderson tells us too much of the Medici and of the Sforzas, too little of the great master himself. And he tells us so much about Lodovico Sforza and his wife and mistresses, and about Gian Galeazzo and his wife, merely in order to bolster up a preposterous theory that "The Virgin of the Rocks"—the Louvre picture, of course, in which the angel has no wings—was painted by Leonardo as an allegory to show the affectionate relations subsisting between Lodovico's wife, Beatrice d'Este (for whom the virgin stands) and Galeazzo's wife, Isabella of Aragon (who is painted as the angel, or as Mr. Anderson will have it, as St. Anne). The great Maximilian to whom this picture was sent, according to Mr. Anderson, presumably before it was acquired by Francis I. of France, was actually expected to guess this all too carefully complicated riddle.

Mansell photo. **Drawing of Bas Relief.**

From "The Admirable Painter": Leonardo da Vinci, by A. J. Anderson (Stanley Paul).

Notes on New Books.

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In everything he does a man more or less unconsciously gives clues to his character; his walk, his gestures, his speech, his clothes, all his manners and habits help to reveal him to the observant, and "Grapho" has written an entertaining handbook on **"Character Reading from Handwriting"** (6d. net) which explains, with the aid of facsimile reproductions of the signatures of many well-known persons, how the character of a writer may be more or less deduced from the style of his calligraphy. It is an interesting and useful little book on what is a fascinating subject, whether you take it as a pastime or as a serious study.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Some Aspects of the War, by S. Pérez Triana (3s. 6d. net). This is one of the most interesting books on this subject, because it gives us the considered judgment of the South Americans. Of course the Columbian Republic, to which Señor Triana belongs, is not the most important State in South America, but we are admirably shown in these most lucid pages why Chili, Argentine, and all the rest of them should not be pro-German. Señor Triana, who was in part educated at a German University and has been educating himself for many years in various other countries, is not carried away by his own eloquence, as is sometimes the case with Spanish-Americans. His arguments are of the soundest, his denunciations are both documented and delightfully sarcastic. One presumes that Germany will never go through the farce of sending another representative to the Hague, where Señor Triana was in the habit of speaking; it would pain them to listen to his far-seeing, honourable and humanitarian proposals. In the limits of this notice we can do no more than mention the titles of a few of his chapters: "The Law of Necessity," "Songs of War," "The Invasion of Canada," "Sowing Thistles and Gathering Thorns," "The Name of God and the War." There is the colony of Germans in Brazil—what of that? And all these fertile lands that are as yet so empty—what of them? It may or it may not be true that Villa the Mexican wrote to the Kaiser protesting, in the name of humanity, against the abominable conduct of his troops; but now we see how cultured South Americans regard it. We may add that this book was originally written in Spanish and was translated by the author, whose command of our language is complete. And there is one poetical chapter, dealing with German war-songs, which exhibits a braggart country, and also that country of Theodor Körner, that old, beloved Germany which we shall never see again.

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Among the numerous parts of the earth on which we nowadays have to keep an eye there is none more urgent than the Balkan Peninsula, and if some of us have been impatient with the diplomats for having failed to bring these little States together to that side which seems to be their only hope for independence and security, if we have asked why Bulgaria cannot be given various sops and thus won over to the side of those who punished her so terribly a little time ago, we only have to read **Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems,** by Marion I. Newbigin, D.Sc. (7s. 6d. net), and we shall see how complicated are the problems. Even if Macedonia be given to Bulgaria and Kavala be added, yet the difficulties which attend the settlement are enormous. The chief ones at this instant centre round Bulgaria and the chief ones in the future round Serbia. We do not envy those who will discuss the changes in Dalmatia and Slavonia and Croatia, not to speak of Bosnia. It would seem a hazardous experiment to add these countries to the present Serbian kingdom, for the Serbs of Serbia have exhibited a great deal more of military than of administrative genius. After all, they were for centuries beneath the Turkish yoke. Perhaps the best solution would be the establishment of a Serbian Federation, rather loosely bound together, and with capitals at Agram (for the Roman-Catholic Serbs), at Sarajevo (for the Moslem Serbs), and at Belgrade (for the Orthodox Serbs). Then there is the question of Dalmatia, whose inhabitants are now so different from the Serbs of the hinterland. But there does not seem any necessity for establishing a Balkan Federation, into which the Greeks would fit so badly. Dr. Newbigin makes it clear to us what Europe and the Balkans have to face; she does it most courageously and in a most interesting, thorough and even humorous fashion. Certainly there will be no Albania to complicate the matter; it is of sentimental interest if Montenegro ceases to exist. One fancies that she might be given a good deal of Herzegovina, but possibly her special virtues would evaporate if she became more prosperous. Dr. Newbigin casts a new light on the condition of Bosnia and, in brief, her book is one that serious students of the Balkans cannot do without. There is a particularly good coloured map and various useful sketch maps.

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